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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1900

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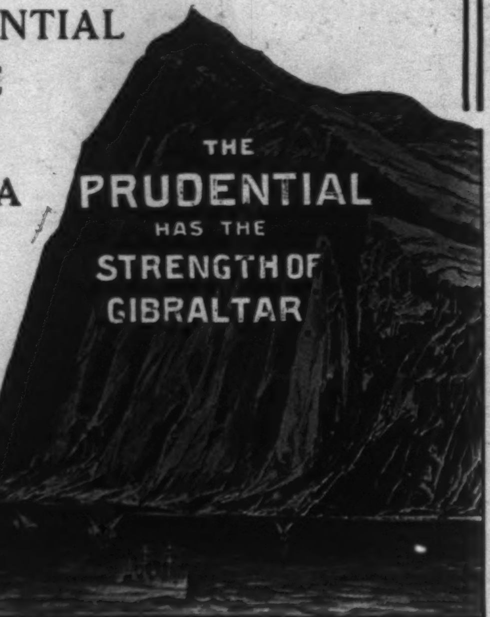

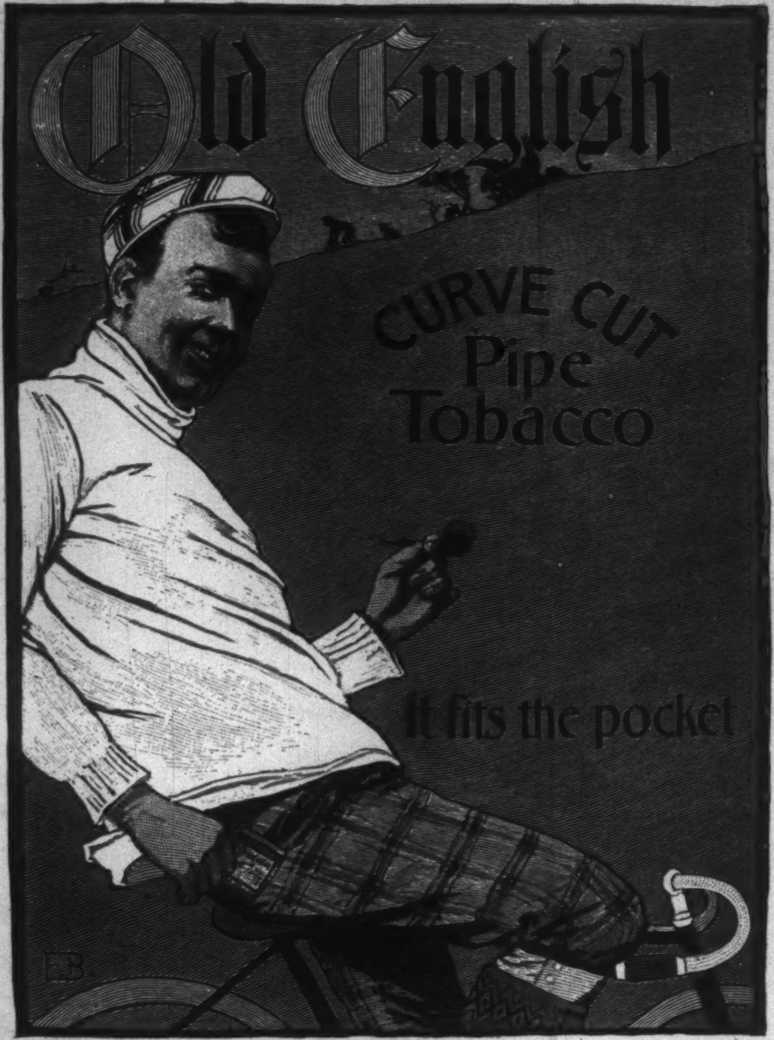

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Vol. XLV. No. 2265

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May 19 1900

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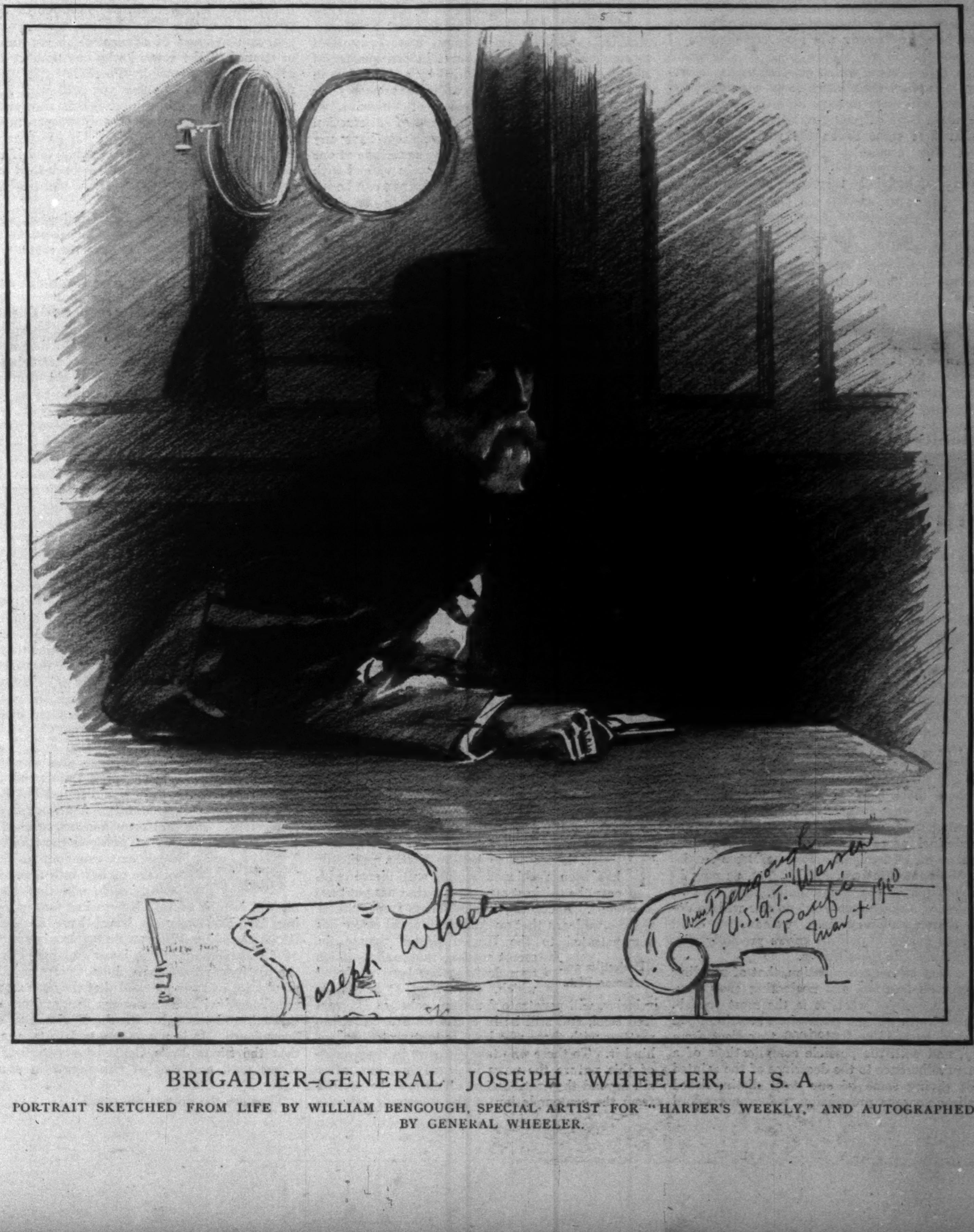

BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER, U. S. A

PORTRAIT SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY WILLIAM BENGOUGH, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AND AUTOGRAPHED BY GENERAL WHEELER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(WITH A COLORED SUPPLEMENT)

NEW YORK CITY, MAY 19, 1900

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Other People's Business

FOR a short while to come perhaps it will be well for the United States to settle down to a consideration of home affairs, and to let the business of the rest of the world severely alone. A number of estimable gentlemen have recently arrived upon our shores to seek to convince Uncle Sam that he should come out flat-footed on behalf of the Boers, and the chances are that before they have been with us many days, aided by the eloquent band of phrase-makers, who are among the most conspicuous of our products, and are always ready to ally themselves with any cause which gives them the opportunity to express their views from a public platform, they will seem to have back of them a very considerable body of public opinion. Noise often seems at first sight to be the real thing. But whether they arouse a real sympathy or not, our visitors come at a most inopportune time for us, even if superficially they seem to have arrived at what is for themselves the psychological moment. We have troubles of our own, and there is a limit to our capacity for solving problems. Our own immediate difficulties are sufficient in number, and of such weight and variety that it is going to require the unremitting devotion of our best energies to bring about their proper solution. There are the affairs of Cuba, which must be attended to. These require the highest degree of tactful consideration, which must not be disturbed by the interjection into our national councils of the complications of others with which in a strict sense we have nothing to do. There are also the complications of the Philippine Islands, which seem easy to unravel one day, and become more exasperatingly confused the next. Nor are we as yet out of the Porto-Rican woods, where there is still much to distract the minds of our statesmen. Added to all these vexations, internally we are doomed shortly to go through the unsettling developments of a Presidential campaign, than which there is nothing more disturbing to the soul of man. The outsider who thrusts his own troubles upon us at this time, then, must not be surprised if his sincerity is questioned; and if the gentlemen from the Transvaal find the best thought of the country suspecting them of having come here at this particular juncture to join in the game of politics for their own advantage, and to make of themselves a weapon of offence against one party or another—there is no need to specify which—they will have only themselves to blame.

The WEEKLY has within the past few months been a persistent advocate of the policy of mediation in South Africa, but the friendly offices which were proffered by this government have been declined, and for the present there is, therefore, nothing more to be said on the subject, unless we propose to demonstrate our friendship by force of arms, which under existing circumstances would be a criminal proceeding. Mr. SULZER may call up resolutions of sympathy for the Boers in the House of Representatives, and Mr. TELLER may do the same thing in the Senate daily, from now on to the day of adjournment, but no one will be deceived thereby. Every man, woman, or child who knows aught of politics knows precisely why these gentlemen do these things.

It is a very alluring occupation, that of minding other people's business and neglecting one's own, but there are times when it is the most foolish. With troubles in the new possessions pressing upon us, with a little bill of $100,000 to collect from Turkey, and with the possible complications of a persistent adherence to the doctrines of the sainted MONROE giving some of our most distinguished journalists nervous prostration, we cannot afford the luxury of neglecting our own affairs to attend to the business of others.

A Hint to Our Visitors

MEANWHILE everything that can be done to make the members of the Transvaal Commission comfortable and happy should be done. They are all of them accomplished and able gentlemen, who are entitled to our distinguished consideration, until, of course, they manifest an inclination to embarrass their hosts. If they come as guests and strive only to make a good impression and to win friends for themselves and for their cause by their demeanor, all will be well. If, on the contrary, they come as agitators, they should be made to feel that we are more than satisfied with the home-made variety, and have no wish to add to our store by importing those of foreign make. We are a hospitable people, but away down in our secret souls we do not care much for a guest who tries to make trouble for his host.

A Remarkable Coincidence

WE are not aware that the two items of news have any particular relation to each other, but it is a coincidence worthy of note that simultaneously with the announcement from Omaha that Mr. BRYAN would not speak again for two months came the news of a renewed activity in the crater of Vesuvius. It would seem to be a fact that the forces of nature may not be restrained, and that an attempt, however worthy, to suppress a volcanic outburst in one quarter of the globe must be accompanied by an eruption in some other. For ourselves, while we are sorry for those who dwell in the shadow of Vesuvius, we cannot help feeling a certain sense of satisfaction over our own relief. If the two cases have any real relation to each other, and the sufferings of our Italian friends become too great to be viewed with equanimity, perhaps later on Mr. BRYAN can be induced to relent and make a remark or two on alternate days.

The Twain Ticket

THE Honorable Mark Twain announces himself as a candidate for the Presidency, and is now reported to be on his way back to the United States to look after his political fences. It is too early as yet to attempt to predict the outcome of Mr. Twain's announcement, but we see no reason why the eminent humorist should not go before the country with some reasonable hope of success, provided he gets the right kind of a running mate for the tail end of his ticket. The indications at this moment are that it is to be a Vice-Presidential contest this year rather than a Presidential, and if the genial gentleman from Vienna hopes to stand any chance in the fight against Messrs. MCKINLEY, BRYAN, and DEWEY, he must take good care to secure the right kind of a tail to his kite. Many names for the Twain ticket suggest themselves. Mr. ERVING WINSLOW, of Boston, on a ticket designed to be smiled through, would have merit. The Rev. Dr. SHELDON, of Topeka, Kansas, would add strength to it in certain ways, as also might Senator BEVERIDGE, of Indiana, not to mention the Hon. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW, of New York, whose contributions to the gayety of nations entitle him to much honor. The most appealing candidacy of all, however, on the Twain ticket would be that of Mr. Dooley, whose political insight is keen, and whose humor is of the richest sort, and of whose general sagacity it may be said that it is *sans peur et sans reproche*. If the candidacy of Mark Twain comes to a definite realization, it is to be hoped that the Smilocrats will have the good sense to make Twain and Dooley their battle-cry, and the free coinage of jokes on a basis of 16 to 1—sixteen laughs, that is, to one joke—their leading principle.

Projectiles and Armor Plate

THERE is reason to believe that a projectile has been fashioned which will pierce with ease the thickest armor plate that has yet been developed. According to statements from reliable sources, we learn that an American naval officer has demonstrated to the United States Senate, in secret session, that a shell of his own devising has been produced which, when fired at a certain velocity, will penetrate fourteen inches of Harveyized steel, and still be in a condition to negotiate matters with those who have sought protection behind it. To those who take pleasure in discoveries of this nature the news is gratifying, but, after all, beyond the gratification which is to be derived from the contemplation of the ingenuity of man, we see little in the situation that is reassuring. On the contrary, there is much in it that is disturbing. If we follow this thing up to its logical conclusion, there will soon be no safety in the world for anybody. The usual course must follow. This projectile having been devised, some clever armor-plate worker will set about the production of a kind of plate that will resist it. It is a case of the old boyhood pastime of seesaw. One is up and the other is down, but the game goes on. So it will be with projectiles and armor plate, until some day we shall find it necessary to build our ships of solid steel, with the inevitable result.

The Inventor and the Statesman

IT is a sad condition of affairs, however necessary, that there seems to be nowadays greater ingenuity in the development of engines of war than in the arts of preserving peace. The inventor along intellectual lines who will devise some method of argument, some mental projectile, which shall pierce the Harveyized hides of quarrelsome statesmen who force peace-loving people into fighting each other, will be the greatest benefactor of his time, even though he reaps most of his reward in abuse and contempt; and unless he is quickly discovered there is likely to be much trouble ahead for posterity, if not for ourselves. What is the use of it all no sane man may say. Some may be able plausibly to account for it, but plausibility is, after all, the resource of the dishonest. War should be obsolete in an age of reason, and weapons of offence which encourage the arrogance of the coward who has nothing to fear are to be reprehended. There is little virtue in fighting when you know you will win, right or wrong. We sometimes pine for the days when the jawbone of an ass was the only weapon needed to confound a hostile gathering. It has been shown that this weapon has positive value, and if the nations of the earth to-day will go back to it and use it like strong men, in view of the plentiful supply, we shall all be better off.

From recent utterances at Washington, we judge that its use would make the United States a positive power among the nations of the earth.

An Egregious Blunder

IT is singular what enormous capacity an Englishman has for putting his foot in it when he tries. A more egregious blunder than that of which Lord SALISBURY was guilty in his speech before the Primrose League the other day is inconceivable. When through the self-sacrificing effort of the Queen an era of good feeling was beginning to be realized between England and Ireland, the least that could have been expected from the Premier of the British Empire was that he should have silently accepted the beneficent results of her Majesty's tour, and congratr[illegible] himself that in spite of his own whims and prejudices much credit had redounded to his administration of affairs. That he should set about stirring up the old discord the very moment the Queen again set foot upon English soil indicates that he is either of unsound mind or an unteachable antediluvian, who should be retired to private life at the earliest possible moment. If the enemies of the British Empire who seek her overthrow will take a hint from one who has no sympathy with their desires, they will merely settle back to an enjoyment of their own leisure and let men like Lord SALISBURY do their work for them. It will not take many days of such leadership as this to work the most deplorable results—results that no amount of hostile agitation could possibly bring about.

At Sioux Falls and Cincinnati

AS this issue of the WEEKLY goes to press the news of the nomination of BRYAN and TOWNE by the Simon Pure Populists, and of BARKER and DONNELLY by the Middle of the Road Populists is received. The platforms had not reached us at the last moment, but we presume the Sioux Falls people have come out for the free coinage of hay into tons of 1200 pounds each, and that the Cincinnati branch of this interesting family, in taking Mr. DONNELLY on board have declared for BACON as against WILLIAM SHAKSPERE in the matter of the authorship of the latter's plays. Whatever the platform-makers have done, we are certain the planks are picturesque, and that they are all neatly upholstered with the American flag, and permeated through and through with the Declaration of Independence. It is not inappropriate to note here that the Sioux Falls Convention was held in a circus tent, and that of Cincinnati in a music-hall.

Thus are the unities preserved.

WILL THE LABOR UNIONS COMMIT SUICIDE?

BY RUPERT HUGHES

IN the first place, it may be well to avoid misunderstandings by saying that the writer of this screed is a firm believer in the organization of labor; he believes that the laborer never would have acquired a position of self-respect, and never would have compelled others to respect him, without giving Capital many a hard rap, and that eternal vigilance is the price of the laboring-man's safety from the natural tyranny of Capital.

But for all their inevitable and eternal mutual distrust, there is and must be a mutual bond between Labor and Capital. Their correlation is that of the seesaw. For many a century the capitalist was throned aloft and the laborer hugged the ground to hold him there. A more ideal position was recently approached when the two vibrated on an almost even plane, each getting a slight advantage now and then and losing it later. At times the laboring-man has risen to the top and brought the capitalist low. This is the position now held in the building trades, particularly in Chicago.

Its very ascendency is the vital danger now threatening Labor; for suppose that Labor is so inflexibly determined to remain on top and bears down so hard upon Capital that Capital, in weariness of sitting abject on the ground, quits the game, deserts the board and retires: then down comes Labor—kerslam!

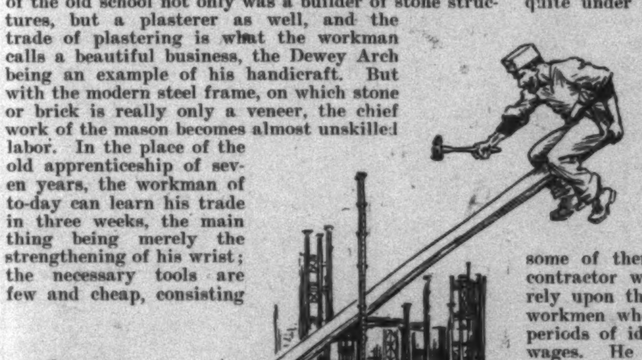
At the present writing fifty-five thousand men are out on strike in Chicago, and the contractors and capitalists are organized and determined. Labor-unionism has reached a power where it can and does tie up dozens of great structures in building or planned, and holds back important plans for further structures aggregating twelve millions of dollars; and, worse yet, is driving capitalists and builders into other businesses or into other cities—to New York and elsewhere.

Labor-unionism has not been content with establishing and securing a high wage, but seeks more worlds to conquer; it is even putting a penalty on individualism and industry and restricting the increase of output. It is in this fanatic eagerness to pursue a course even to the throttling of the Yankee spirit of ambition and self-betterment that labor-unionism is showing an insanity which alarms its best friends—that insanity that goads to suicide.

The labor guild, somewhat new in this country, has existed for centuries abroad. Recently in London a laborer was fined by his union for the offence of "shoving up the line" too fast; that is, he had been found guilty of laying more bricks than the prescribed limit, which, incredible as it may seem, had been placed at 140 per day. In New York city 1200 bricks a day is thought a good average, while in the West, previous to the latest rulings of the unions, 3000 to 3500 bricks were not an uncommon quota for a single man, and on jobs where haste was demanded men have been known to lay 4000 bricks a day. But in England the wages are absurd, to our thinking, and the laboring-man is notoriously lacking in that energy and interest which have brought American industry to the foremost place in the world. And any opposition that throws itself before the wheels of American restlessness is simply a futile opposition and a tragic sacrifice to Juggernaut.

The union that made the first display of power in Chicago was the bricklayers' union, which ten years ago raised the wage to fifty cents an hour and fixed it there.

Now the mason of to-day is not what he once was in this country, or what he still is abroad. The mason of the old school not only was a builder of stone structures, but a plasterer as well, and the trade of plastering is what the workman calls a beautiful business, the Dewey Arch being an example of his handicraft. But with the modern steel frame, on which stone or brick is really only a veneer, the chief work of the mason becomes almost unskilled labor. In the place of the old apprenticeship of seven years, the workman of to-day can learn his trade in three weeks, the main thing being merely the strengthening of his wrist; the necessary tools are few and cheap, consisting mainly of a hammer and trowel, and, if desired, a pair of overalls. Yet, thanks to the establishment of the rate of fifty cents an hour, the bricklayer can in two days earn eight dollars, after acquiring which wealth he not infrequently feels ready to lay off work and indulge in the luxury of contemplation, particularly in a liquid form.



SUPPOSE CAPITAL QUITS?

The cattlelike spirit required for successful unionism was for some time an obstacle in the way of organizing other trades into the iron-disciplined armies that have been so great a power. The trade of carpentry requires a versatile skill and a large capital of education, numerous and expensive and soon-ruined tools. The carpenters, being therefore a more independent class, were hard to persuade to make the sacrifices of money and time and individualism necessary to efficient organization. In consequence their work, which should bring at least twenty-five per cent. higher wages than that of the bricklayer, actually has received in many cases, until recent years, only a little more than half. The machinists and some others have wages similarly small in comparison.

Since their organization, however, the carpenters have felt a great access of—call it enthusiasm; and when recently the bricklayers in New York demanded an increase of ten per cent. in their wages (that is, from fifty cents to fifty-five cents an hour), the carpenters went them still better by demanding an increase of over fifteen per cent. (that is, from forty-two and a half cents to fifty cents an hour).

MODERN BRICK-LAYING IN CHICAGO.

Among the other trades to organize were the plumbers and the allied interests; they soon decided that it would be pleasant to limit the output per day of their trade, and now it is forbidden for a plumber to wipe more than so many joints or for a steamfitter to run more than so many feet of pipe a day. The rest of the time the man may loaf and invite his soul.

In preparation for the recent crisis, then, we find that the bricklayers had boosted wages and the plumbers had restricted the output; each branch then adopted the other's mode of procedure in addition to its own, and the remaining trades adopted both practices, high wages and restricted output. Other exactions followed, and the contractor found himself quite under the thumb of the organizations. In the plastering trade, for instance, the more easily intimidated contractor was not permitted even to appoint his own foreman, but must accept the election of the men. He could not discharge a man, and the only way to get rid of an undesirable workman without bringing on a strike was to resort to the technical procedure of laying him off for the time being, or of putting so many men to plaster one corner that they stepped upon one another's feet, and so interfered with one another that some of them resigned of their own volition. The contractor with a rush job on his hands could not rely upon the *esprit de corps* of faithful and expert workmen whom he kept upon his staff even through periods of idleness and whom he paid slightly better wages. He was graciously permitted to have his men work over-time at a rate one and one-half times the regular rate, but the bricklayers were limited to the laying of fifteen hundred bricks in eight hours, though an expert could more than double this without unwholesome exertion. Some of the unions permitted the contractors to employ two shifts, each working eight hours a day, so that the contractor might get sixteen hours' work a day at the regular rate. The plasterers are limited to so many square feet a day, and the other trades are similarly hide-bound. Other restrictions are set also in the matter of the use even of material made by non-union hands, and certain styles of work are not permitted to machinery.

Does it not seem that the laboring-man, whose favorite bogie is the trust, has himself organized a trust of the most despotic sort? Under the guidance of low-browed madmen, short-sighted and unbalanced with a little power, is not the laboring-man beginning to terrorize and tyrannize, and to adopt an imperial policy of aggrandizement?

The inevitable result of such giant strength used giantwise was a revolt among the contractors. The necessity for the quick building of the great buildings of the modern American cities can be speedily realized by one who stops to consider the enormous ground rental to-day during the construction, the interest on the loans, the taxes, and the expense of postponing the thousands of dollars of monthly rental of the offices, stores, and lofts. Certain contractors, having made violent effort to conform to the demands of the unions, were ruined financially. Others endeavored to bring their capitalist clients to stand the additional expense; the result of this was the withdrawal of the capitalists from many projected enterprises. This, of course, not only brought idleness and ruination to the contractors, but it greatly limited the demand for labor. We find accordingly that the tables have been completely turned.

The labor union has met disaster before because of a rush of prosperity to the head. When the Columbian Exposition at Chicago brought about one of the greatest spasms of building industry in the history of the world it was natural that there should be a festival of high wages. The price of labor ran to fifty or one hundred per cent. above the union scale. As a result a large proportion of the laboring-men took to drink and insubordination. They would do only a quarter of a day's work, and laughed at the appeals of frantic contractors. The contractors paid at the very least seventy-five cents an hour to plasterers, and found it almost impossible to get work out of them. For three days after pay-day nothing could be done; even the foremen took to drink; and the sober workmen, being loyal first to their fellow-laborers, followed suit in shiftlessness. The increased wages paid in summer-time gave the laboring-man no advantage; the saloon-keeper had most of the profit; and when the winter came, the ants had all turned vagabond and there was a plague of locusts in the land. After the Exposition a reaction to the building activity set in sharp and sudden; there was little work to be done, and the rate, which had been doubled, fell to half the union rate, and now the men were at the mercy of the contractors. They now had to do unrestricted labor at pauper wages. The unions themselves were in some cases completely wiped out.

Chicago to-day is in the throes of just such another sudden stoppage of building. The contractors are fighting for their lives; they have made the last possible concession; they are facing ruin, and many of them have given up all effort to do business in a city so union-ridden.

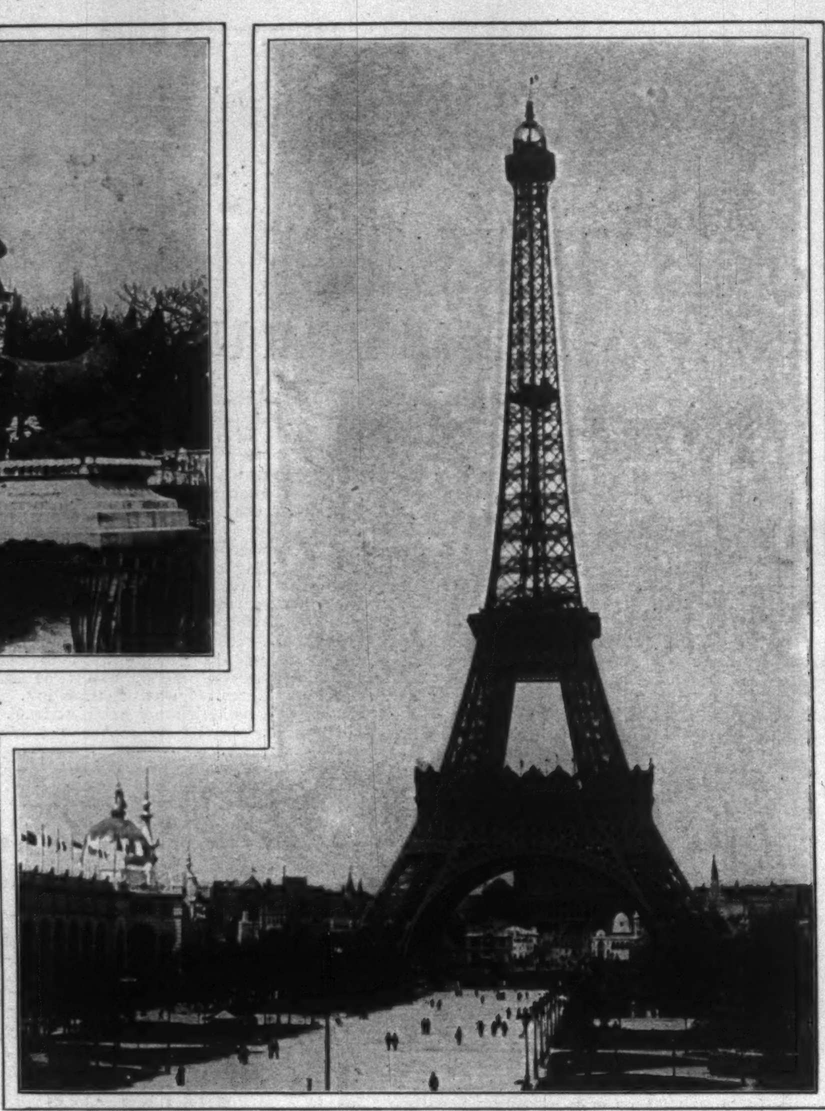
It is a great tragedy that such a battle should come to an issue in so young a city as Chicago, just as the spring has been promising the most splendid activity in the building world, and just as the country is settling down to prosperity after its long years of panic. But the fault seems entirely in this case that of the labor unions, and finally of the laboring-man who permits himself to be led about with a ring in his nose.

There is a better activity possible to the labor unions than that of the dog in the manger; instead of treating the contractor as a dragon to be slain, let him be treated as the source of prosperity and activity—a source that may need great watchfulness and limitation, but must not be choked off; instead of futile opposition to mechanical improvement, instead of strongly discouraging apprenticeship, as many of the unions do, let the labor union make of itself a source of information and wisdom and justice.

Above all, let the labor union keep out from under the wheels of progress, or its own life must be the forfeit of its madness.

THE RUSSIAN AND SIBERIAN BUILDINGS.

PANEL ON COLUMN OF MAIN ENTRANCE.

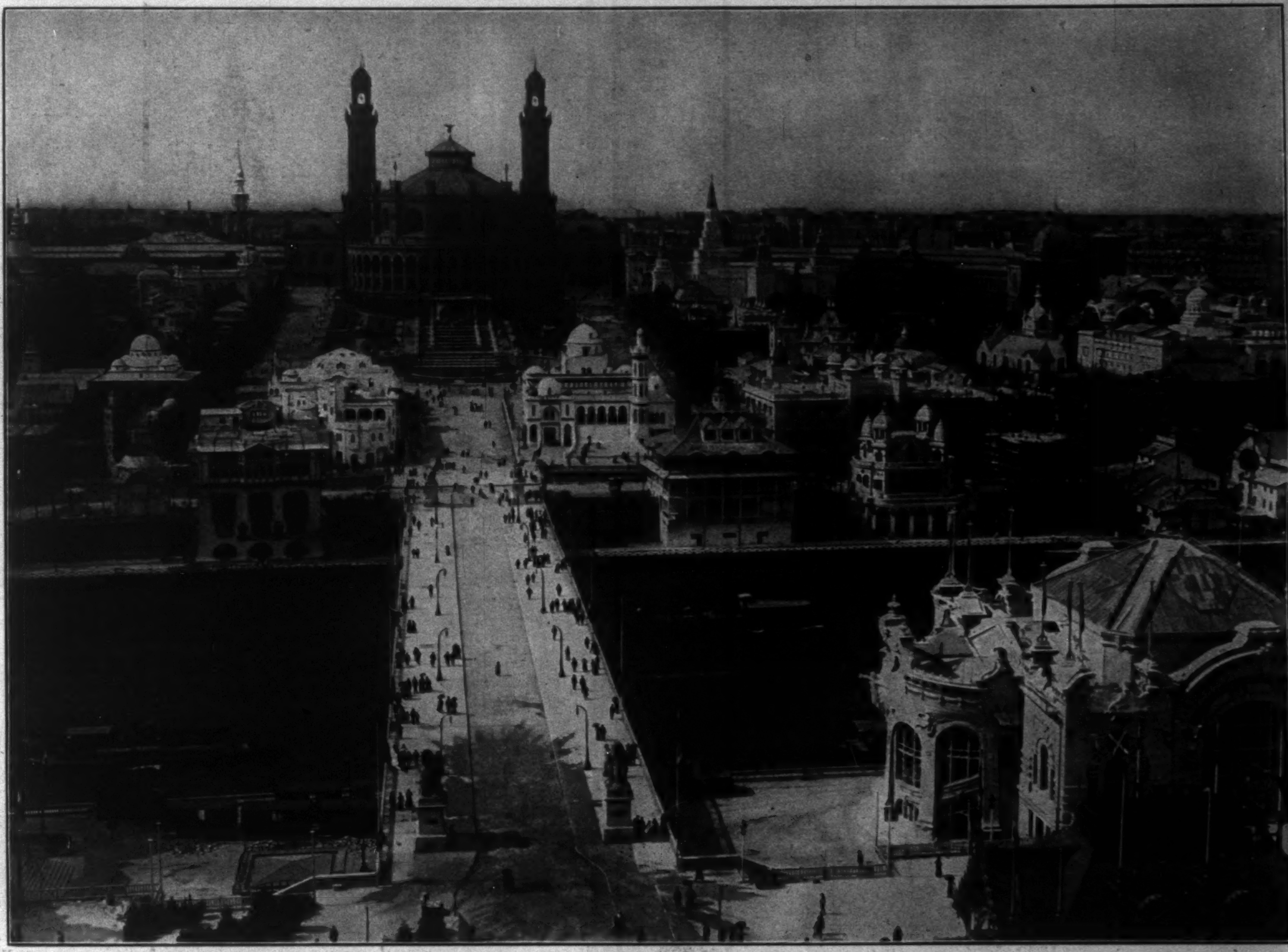


THE EIFFEL TOWER AND THE CHAMP DE MARS.

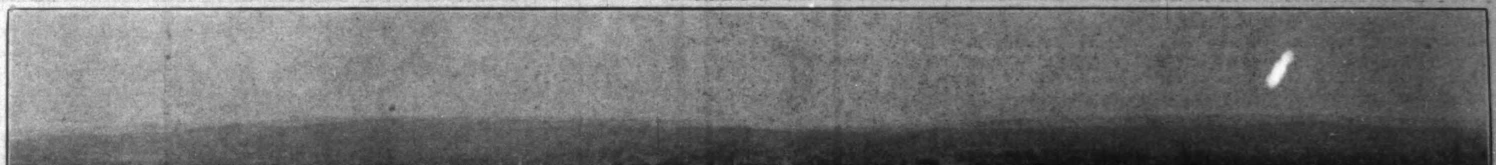
MAIN ENTRANCE TO THE PALACE OF FINE ARTS.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."



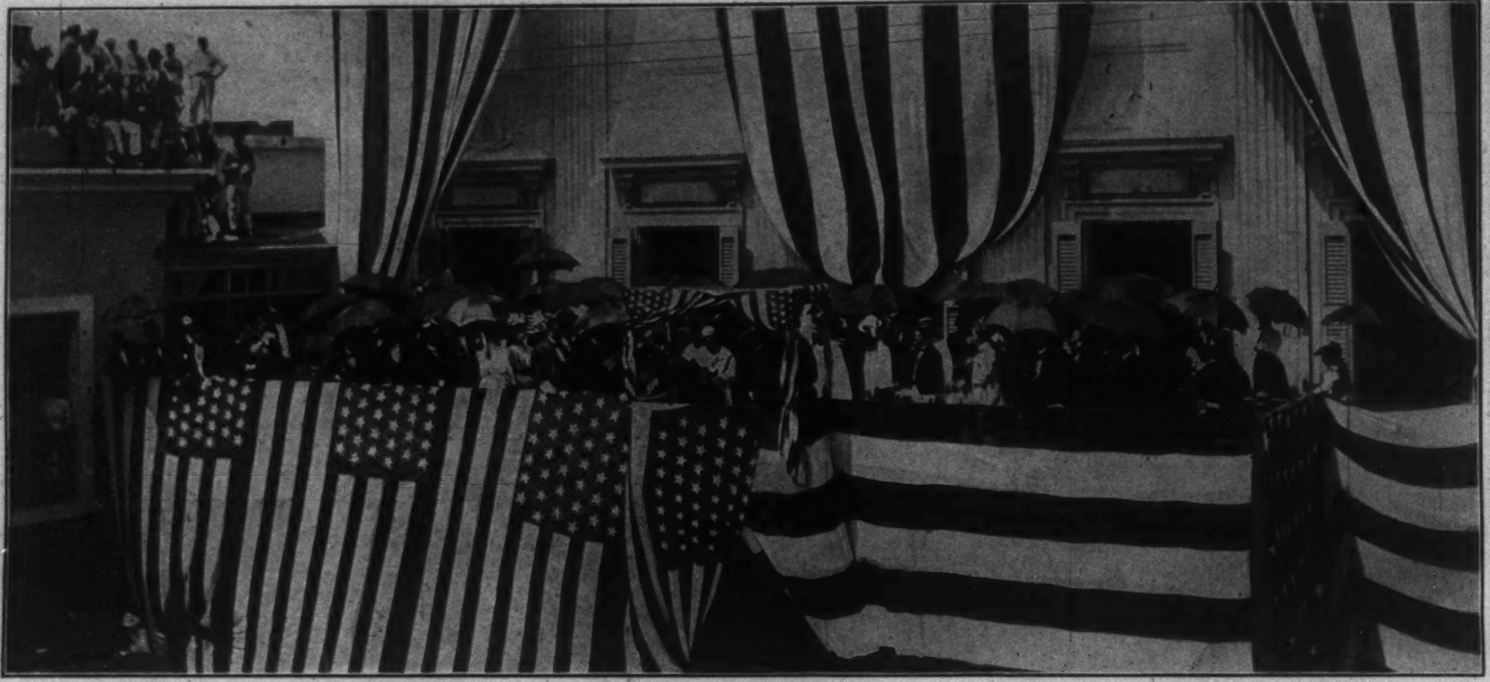
THE TROCADÉRO AND THE COLONIAL SECTION, AS SEEN FROM THE EIFFEL TOWER.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE EXPOSITION FROM THE TOWER OF THE TROCADÉRO PALACE.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

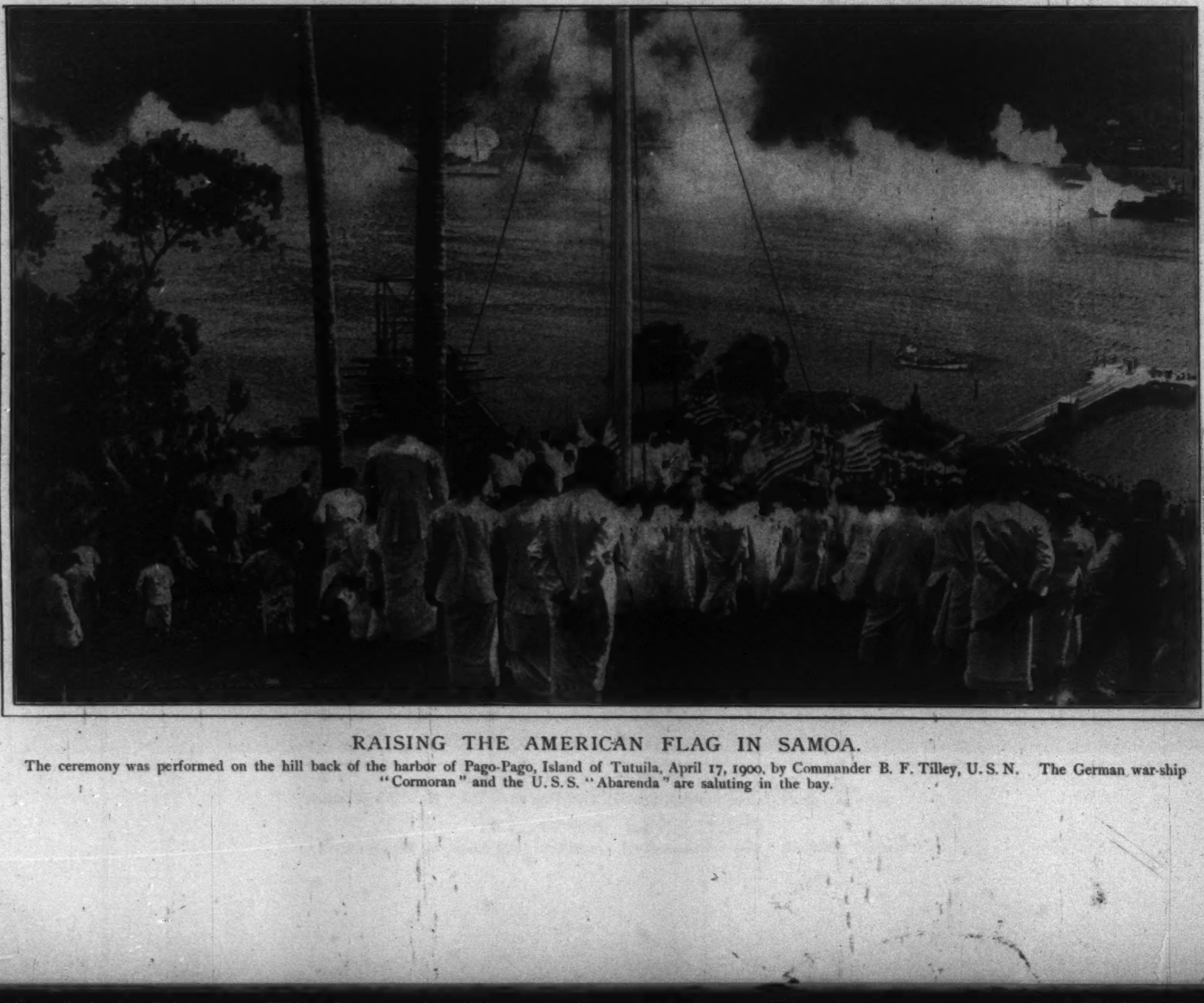


JUDGE QUINONES ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF OFFICE TO GOVERNOR ALLEN.

REVIEW OF THE INSULAR TROOPS.

ARRIVAL OF GOVERNOR ALLEN AT SAN JUAN.

THE INAUGURATION OF GOVERNOR CHARLES H. ALLEN, SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO, MAY 1, 1900.



RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG IN SAMOA.

The ceremony was performed on the hill back of the harbor of Pago-Pago, Island of Tutuila, April 17, 1900, by Commander B. F. Tilley, U. S. N. The German war-ship "Cormoran" and the U. S. S. "Abarenda" are saluting in the bay.

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

By H. B. Marriott Watson

CHAPTER VIII.—(*Continued*)

WARBURTON descended still farther upon the lawn, meaning to go by the copse through which he had arrived, but he was aware presently of some one who called his name, and, twisting upon his heel, awaited the approach of Philip Carmichael. The younger Carmichael came up with some excitement shining in his face.

"Whither are you bound, Mr. Warburton?" he asked. "Are you making for the cove?"

"No, sir," said Warburton, bluntly.

"You are a very rash man, I warn you," said Carmichael, in an indifferent friendly tone.

"Have you run after me to tell me so?" asked the other, with a sneer.

"Yes, I have. You have shot the mark, and something more besides. Nicholas is away, as you see, or you would not stand there so solidly. My father cajoled him away. Damme! Nick is a madman, and he knows nothing of our visitors. You have your own game to play, Mr. Warburton, but you are matching yourself too highly."

"That is as may be," said Warburton, grimly, though he was somewhat amazed to discover in what fear even his own house held Nicholas.

"Well, I warn you in a friendly way; I have no quarrel with you for myself," said Philip, impatiently. "You are welcome to this news—that you were pursued from the mainland, and that he who followed has sought out Nick, who is upon his way, vowing to be rid of you."

"Ha!" said Warburton, without emotion. "This devil will come poste-haste, then."

"Word has come before of his purpose; you have just time to avoid him."

"Why did you tell me this?" asked Warburton, curiously.

Philip shrugged his shoulders. "I know not. We have enjoyed enough of violence; I am for a short holiday. I would rather you went."

"Heavens! man, can't you restrain your own madman?" broke out Warburton, coldly.

"I see no reason why we should in your case," flashed out Philip, with a sneer.

Warburton made no reply for a time; then, "You will hasten Miss Holt from the island?"

Philip nodded. "I will pack 'em off at once. My father knows. I wish no more trouble with Nick. Miss Holt is an elegant woman."

Warburton felt a faint and passing thrill of pity that this well-meaning and undisciplined young man must be involved in the fate of his family. But he could not spare it for the sake of one half-righteous soul. He bowed politely, as if the interview were thus closed, and resumed his journey. The fine breath of the wind tempered the heat of the afternoon; yet Lynsea appeared to shine and glisten almost in a tropic haze. The way was long and by side-paths, for Warburton knew not the direct road to the creek in which his boat lay. He was neither foolish nor foolhardy, and he had resolved to get back to Marlock even before Philip's warning. That that good-natured arrogant youth had menaced him with alternatives did not in the least affect Warburton's plans. He was not the man to be dissuaded out of a purpose by false pride. If Philip Carmichael cared to believe he had taken the hint and fled in alarm, why, he was mighty welcome to his faith. On the summit of the slope betwixt the valley of the homestead and the wooded creek, Warburton came to a rest. Overhead there was a huge calm spread upon the face of heaven. In the far north a great white cloud hove in sight and anchored; but presently it began to move slowly, swaying under a wind, and, breaking its cables, stood into the blue and lumbered across the sky, with all sails wide. Below, the sea was skipping with white-heads. He let his gaze go gently along the line of the coast until it entered the narrow arm of the sea for which he was bound. Something there arrested his eyes, and he arose and watched. A boat was putting into the creek, and even as he strained to see who piloted her, disappeared from his view. Hastily he began to descend over broken ground and among furse and bracken to the water. His figure might be easily discerned by any one upon the beach below, but he could see nothing save the strait of the sea and the little arm of wood which bordered it. As he drew nearer, however, a boat shot out, the occupant poling with his oar, and behind him trailed a second boat—cutting a line of foam. The man presently dropped his oar and set the sails. They drew slowly under the land, but she slowly labored out, the second vessel towing in her wake. Clearly this was in tow. Warburton was puzzled, and then, instantaneously and inciting every nerve in his body, fell a thought. He quickened his pace, and leaping down the hill like a hart, he reached the shore. The man with his two boats stood out a hundred yards, gathering a fuller wind. Warburton sprang at the place where his skiff had been concealed. It was gone.

Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2359.

He ran along the beach of the creek towards the open sea, shouting, but the thief paid him no heed. At the distance he could make nothing of his face, but his figure appeared to be that of a sailor.

Warburton drew a pistol, primed it, and taking a steady aim, fired. After the report the smoke wreathed in a heavy cloud, and was blown upwards, and there were the boats still slipping out to sea. He put up his pistol carefully, realizing the futility of further efforts. He had been robbed clearly enough; but with what object? The question danced in Warburton's brain, and received an answer. Philip had been anxious for him to go; but Nicholas would have him stay. This thief, no doubt, was the spy who had followed him. He had had his instructions, and acted on them. Warburton was left on the island. There was only one inference possible. Nicholas Carmichael meant that he should not leave it.

CHAPTER IX

WARBURTON MAKES A DISCOVERY

WARBURTON stood upon the brink of the sea for some time engrossed in thought. As yet he did not see clearly what course it would be best to take. He was filled for one thing with an amazing flare of anger, which thrilled and excited him. He turned in his mind to Nicholas Carmichael as one ferocious animal to another. This meant death, and death he should have. If he were to be kept on the island in order to wait that death, he would stay willingly, but the death he should await would not be his own. In a cloud of fury his temperate eyes were veiled, as he struggled with the various chances his mind cast up. He must have remained there by the creek for half an hour, at the end of which time he looked up fortuitously and saw Nicholas Carmichael descending the hill towards him.

With that recognition unexpectedly his doubts and madness passed; and he grew to be as cool as was habitual with him, and his plans formed themselves rapidly. As he himself expressed it, he had not yet done with the Carmichaels, and he was not ready for a personal encounter with Nicholas. His fingers itched to clasp upon his pistol as he watched his enemy drawing swiftly closer, but his purpose stood like iron; he turned and made his way into the thicket, whence he kept a watch upon the new-comer. Nicholas Carmichael came hastily to the beach and looked about him in quest of some one. Far out at sea the boats had dwindled to a spot upon the water. Carmichael gazed at this fleck of white, and then cast about him. He came down to the water's edge and fell to an examination of the sandy shore. The marks of Warburton's boots, as well as of the thief's, lay here in some confusion; yet Nicholas found what he sought out, with his eyes bent on the ground, and came upwards towards the copse in which Warburton was hidden. Here he stopped, for the signs led him no farther, yet he had settled this much, as Warburton guessed, that his creature had got away with the boat and that the man he hated and purposed to slay was still on the island. He turned and went quickly away, striking across the hill by a foot-path, which Warburton perceived for the first time; and when he was gone some way, the object of his quest issued from his concealment and followed carefully after him. The road taken by Nicholas Carmichael ran over the spur behind the creek, and, instead of dipping down into the vale of the homestead, struck along the chine of the hills towards the western side of the island. It passed under cover for the better part of the journey, being hedged about by profuse and greening woods; but here and there the path emerged upon the bare hilltop, and it was on these occasions that Warburton was obliged to be careful. The whole distance was little more than a mile, for the island was tiny; yet the caution with which both proceeded made the way long. Nicholas Carmichael looked about him a great deal, which made Warburton the more wary. If he had only looked behind, or deemed that danger might spring from that quarter, it is possible that he might have caught his enemy and come to grips with him. But the thought that he might be followed never entered his head; the pursuer knew not that he was pursued; his eagle eyes went right and left, and his ears opened like a pointer's, but no signal of his victim's pursuit was brought by wind or bush. Warburton kept as close as he might, no sword to hamper him, but his pistol primed and to his hand; and it was thus they two came down from the summit of Lynsea, and dropping slowly, passed into a dark green bower of junipers that lay dwarf and creeping upon the bluff southernmost face of the island. There was now scarce a score of paces between them, and it was plain to Warburton that Carmichael had given up any thought of finding him upon the way, being bound upon some other business. What this might be he had yet to guess. Suddenly Nicholas came to a pause by a huge juniper, and stooping, crept below the bush; there was some shuffling and waving of leafage, and then all was still—he had vanished.

Warburton crept as near as he dared, peering at the spot. But he added his discoveries together, and began to guess pretty well what this disappearance portended. Here must be hidden an inland entrance to the galleries which led to the smugglers' cavern. He made a note of the spot in his mind. "Indeed," ran his thought, "it will be of service to have this information. Captain Postgate of the *Osprey* should be glad to learn so much when he comes to make his surprise."

He waited for some time in his hole, and was rewarded for his patience by the reappearance of Nicholas Carmichael, who issued forth of the passage, followed by several others. At a glance Warburton perceived these to be not natives, but foreigners. They were French to their finger-nails, stained with tobacco, and he guessed that the smugglers' schooner was even then within the shelter of the cave. Why did they venture forth in this daylight, when their natural business should be underground, among bales and casks? The answer came patly to his mind—Nicholas had need of them—they were called out to execute vengeance for him; the secret which he dared not intrust to the villagers on the coast, might be confided safely to the foreign tongues and tough consciences of these lawless Frenchmen. A hunt was forward, and Warburton himself, who watched them file up the pathway, was the quarry these desperadoes sought.

When it seemed safe he left his refuge and surmounted the rise in the rear of these fellows; but by this they were gone, and he could not discern in which direction. Warburton, as is very plain in these pages, was no coward, but he was not yet sure that it was in keeping with his policy to remain on the island. He was one against a dozen, and very ill-armed at that. Moreover, he had other business in his head, and trusted that he should bring these Carmichaels down in a great ruin all together. Yet the problem before him was to reach the mainland, and he now hit upon an idea which seemed to promise success. The Carmichaels had their boat, no doubt, at the landing-stage in the cove; he would use that. His own boat had been stolen by their agents; he would steal theirs.

The time was now towards six o'clock, and the sun was yet high and bright on the uplands; but as he began to go down into the northern valleys the shadows drew out, and evening fell upon him. His progress was very gradual, for he had to keep a strict watch, and several times he found that he had exposed himself in the open fields to any that might be spying for him. Hard on seven o'clock he reached the cove in which the homestead lay, and, using even more diligent care, got down to the water's edge. He moved very patiently under a belt of tamarisks, slipping point

by point towards the little jetty which was plain in the dull light. Indeed, that dulness which had come with the lapse of evening threw up the white woodwork into sharper notice; the colors of the land and the reflections of the water stood out boldly, now the sun no longer glared upon them. They glowed of themselves and with no borrowed brilliance. Warburton wondered if he himself were visible so clearly and with such atmosphere; and as the thought flashed in his mind, he was struck still, arrested by the warning of his eyes. Under the tamarisks, lying into the neutral darkness of the sand and rocks, was the outstretched figure of a man. He was here, no doubt, as a sentinel, yet his attitude was such as justified the assumption that Warburton had not been seen. Manifestly, to gain the jetty and capture the boat privily was impossible; the adventure would be one of risks and of conflict. Warburton had to decide if he would be wise to make the attempt. He had a pistol, but there might be more than one watcher. In any case the affray must raise an alarm. He considered his courses carefully, and resolved to take the risk.

Creeping now within the tamarisks, so that he might not be observed, he went as silently as possible between the bushes, and presently judged that he had reached a spot above the sentinel. Then he dipped the beach into the dense thicket, with the pursuers barking angrily upon his heels.

His strong fine muscles carried him through the bushes at a good speed, and his weight assisted him. Though four or five were upon his track they had no chance to catch him, at least until he reached the open. The tamarisks gave way to a loose wood, heavily carpeted with creepers and ivies, and this ran up to a considerable height, and poured over the brow of an eminence. By the time Warburton had gained the summit he was sure that he had outstripped the pursuit.

"Live to fight another day," he murmured, breathlessly, and examined his single weapon carefully. He was not greatly chagrined by the failure of his raid; on the contrary, he dismissed the thought and turned cheerfully to his next duty. He was agreeably hungry, not only from long abstinence, but from the wholesome air, and had no difficulty in deciding what must come next. He must forage on the island, and as he could not hope to break into the house, he would try the cave. Clearly, if the schooner were there, food and drink also would be there. He struck across the hill in the growing darkness, with more confidence but still with care and vigilance. He supposed that his flight up the hill had not been credited, but that they

WARBURTON'S FINGERS SETTLED ABOUT THE MAN'S THROAT.

down again to the margin of the beach. He peered forth from his ambush, scarce drawing breath; and below him, still prone upon the sand, lay his victim. He had the air of a fisherman, or it might be that he was merely a servant of that house; but from his open fingers dropped a musket, and it appeared that the warm evening and the fresh airs of the sea, together with the silence and solitude, had turned him drowsy. He nodded, hovering between sleep and waking. Warburton leaped swiftly from the tamarisks upon him.

There was a short cry of alarm, followed by a gasp as Warburton's fingers settled about the man's throat—but he was beyond resistance, and lay quiet, his eyeballs protruding from the sockets as though in terror towards his assailant.

"My good fellow, indeed I must trouble you," said Warburton, politely. "You shall have no damage of head or limb, but only these finger-marks. I war not on such as you, who are put about to make a living, I dare say. You must be bound, friend."

He dragged the man towards the jetty, and discovered there some pieces of rope, with which he secured the fellow's hands and feet. "I have done the same for your master before this," he said, "and, please God, shall do so again, and more also. I forget no favors and no debts."

He stood over the body of his victim, regarding him complacently, and now alive with genial sentiments. At his elbow the Carmichaels' huge boat lapped on the water, chafing gently against the jetty.

"I will make bold to borrow your tub," said he, cheerfully. "'Twill serve my turn, and you can still lie watching, gun in hand. You shall not have deserted your post, my good man."

Even as the ironical words left his lips he was aware of some change that passed over the man's expression, in the air, and, of a truth, in the very witness of his own senses. The next instant a sharp pain struck into his arm; there was a roar of sound, and he reeled about, his face towards a number of figures that broke out of the passage in the tamarisks. The situation exacted a solution forthwith. Fight or flight was the alternative urgent upon him. They beset his resolution—the armed men hurrying towards him, and upon the other side the cutter swaying on her heavy chains. Yet neither was possible. He grasped this almost as an instinct, and simultaneously had taken the jetty in a bound, and was over

conceived him to have taken the easier way towards the back of the valley. Yet the island was so small that they would soon discover this error and make in a new direction. Night drew down, however, and befriended him once more, and now he found his way but slowly, for the lack of a moon. Stars were lit one by one in the heaven, and a host were soon shining out of mild white eyes. Several times he blundered as to his direction, but at last came into the blackness of a wood which appeared to him to be close upon the entrance to the passages. No sooner was he safe in this refuge than he heard the noise of feet, and hastily hid in the undergrowth. The sounds approached, and the faint glow of the sky discovered to him the tall form of Nicholas Carmichael with a following. If these were they which had chased him by the sea he could not guess, but evidently the hunt was still out. As they filed past, Nicholas Carmichael's voice was raised angrily against some other, cursing arrogantly, and a single word dropped into the listener's ears. It was but one word, and yet it had a significance for him. Nay, it set his brain to think and his heart to beat, for suddenly there was spread before him the plan and policy of these man-hunters. *Cordon* was the word spoken in the French jargon of the smugglers. This, then, was what they proposed. They would run a line of sentinels across Lynsea and beat up the island, slowly and patiently driving him to his doom, till he either died or surrendered to die, or was thrust for refuge into the roaring pools of the Skittles. He stared after the vanished party, and then jumped to his feet.

"'Tis well," said he, grimly; "they have left the way open. Whence they have come I go," and began to move fast towards the spot which he had marked in his memory.

He was not long in hitting upon the juniper-bush, and bending low, crept into its recesses. This brought him, as he saw, into a thicket of junipers, huddled close together; and here by groping he came presently upon a huge rock. Below this yawned a cavity, very much like a great rabbit-hole, but worn smooth with the constant passage of bodies. This was the entrance to the smugglers' cavern. Warburton let himself carefully down, and found the way slope gradually and the burrow rise to the height of a man standing. He pressed forward, therefore, with ease, and even with celerity, for all the darkness that hung round him. Fifty paces brought him round a turn in this earthen gallery, and before him opened the vast spaces of the internal vault, filled with the murmur of water and glowing with twilight. It was as he had supposed: the gallery gave access to the cave, yet was used only by passengers going to and fro, and not for the transport of goods.

The light which dimly illuminated the cavern streamed from two flaring torches upon the shore, and beyond these rose the graceful figure of the schooner, silent, dispeopled, and riding like a phantom in that light. There was no mark or witness of the presence of man. Yet the schooner had but newly arrived, for the floor of the cave was the theatre of abandoned activity—strewn with barrels and bales in great confusion. Warburton could conjecture how highly his silence was rated, seeing that Nicholas Carmichael had deserted this busy scene with all hands to accomplish his capture. The irony of his presence there pleased him and moved him to a grin. Then he began to move towards the schooner, still watchful and alert. He encountered no one, and presently relaxing his vigilance, he gave his attention to the merchandise that was scattered over the cave. Most of the bales and barrels had been freshly landed, and stood upon the margin of the sea; but behind these was a great pile of casks reaching almost to the roof of the vault. His hunger and his thirst oppressed him and urged him to an exploration. It was probable that some one or more of these barrels had been tapped for the convenience of the smugglers who spent so many difficult and earnest hours of work there; and consequently he bent his steps towards the pyramid of casks. They were of many sizes, but offered no evidence as to their contents. Wine he desired, but brandy would content him. He searched vainly for a tap or cock in those innumerable kegs. Just as he was giving up in despair, and was proposing an examination of the schooner, he noticed that one of the casks lay haphazard upon a ledge of rock, upon which it had evidently fallen from a tier in the pyramid. The hoops that encased it were bent and broken, and to his eyes it seemed that the wood-work bulged and a hole gaped. He went towards it, thinking that he had at last found what he wanted—a vent for the good French liquor; but came to a pause in disappointment. A hole had been riven in the barrel below, where the point of rock had taken it; it must be empty. He put a hand upon it to roll it over, but was astounded by an unexpected resistance. The cask was not empty. It flashed into his thoughts that it must contain tobacco; and as he looked, the keg, shaken under his rough hand, moved slightly, and a thin black stream of granulated dust poured forth from the rent upon the rock. It was gunpowder.

Warburton stood still for a time after this discovery. It set him thinking deeper than before. Why was this powder stacked in the cavern? The problem cried for an answer, but received none. He abandoned his search and walked towards the beach, where the torches were streaming. He climbed the side of the schooner, and began to ransack the cabin. Presently he came upon some meat, some biscuits, and a long bottle of brandy. This last was admirable to the palate, very light and fine, and it filled the head with thin and spirited fumes. He sat and ate and drank not sparingly. In the midst of this task he was disturbed by a fresh sound that broke on his ears and set him frowning. It issued from a cabin near by, and he promptly made search there. The light was strong enough for him to determine the body of a man lying on the floor among some empty boxes. Warburton stooped over him, and the heavy breathing told the tale of his condition. Moreover, he recognized the fellow as the man whom Carmichael had addressed in that cave previously as Ditran. It was the French captain. He had a quick inspiration.

"Monsieur Ditran," said he, politely, "I will make free of your pockets, if you have no objection. Sure, I am pushed too hard to be particular."

He went over the man's effects carefully, and was not opposed by that drunken creature. Presently he stopped, examined the signature upon a paper, started, and eagerly examined it again. Finally he turned it over and scrutinized the superscription.

It was in French, inscribed to Sir Stephen Carmichael, the address was "The camp, Boulogne," and the signature was "Napoleon."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The Symphony of Spring

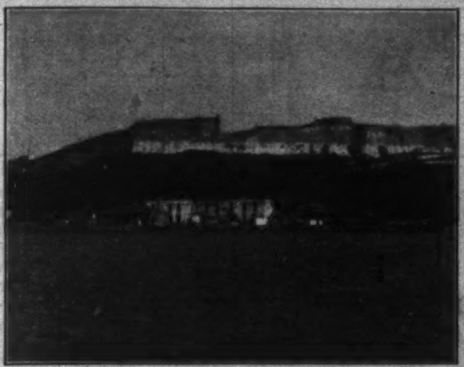
ALONG the ledges of the sky the Spring
Shakes out the cloud-folds of her gown,
And sends the rustling rain-drops hurtling down.
Amid the violets, half asleep with purple eyes,
They bring
A freshness and surprise.

Now sound the vibrant sinews of the wind
Which throb in melancholy mood—
The chords of dreamy rainy interlude;
And now the gorgeous lightning, on the thund'ring strings
Entwined
In silver coilings, clings.

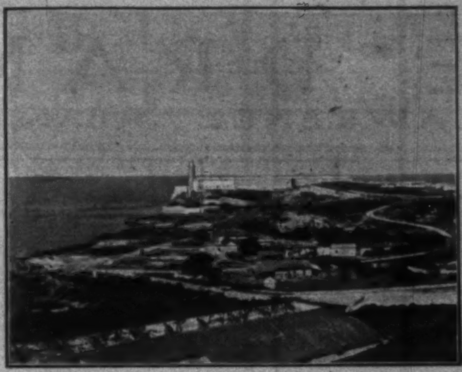
The tones decrease; Spring's rustling robe sounds far
Down through the canyons of the sky,
And by the busy wind's wet fingers, high
Upon the western rim, the ruined clouds are piled
With scar,
And cliff, and foot-hill wild.

See now! The wak'ning sun crawls through the clouds
And spins a rainbow's quivering stain
Of thin and twisted threads of gauzy rain;
And o'er the forest-bearded hill, with arching dyes,
It crowds
Its shoulder 'gainst the skies.

JOE EGAN.

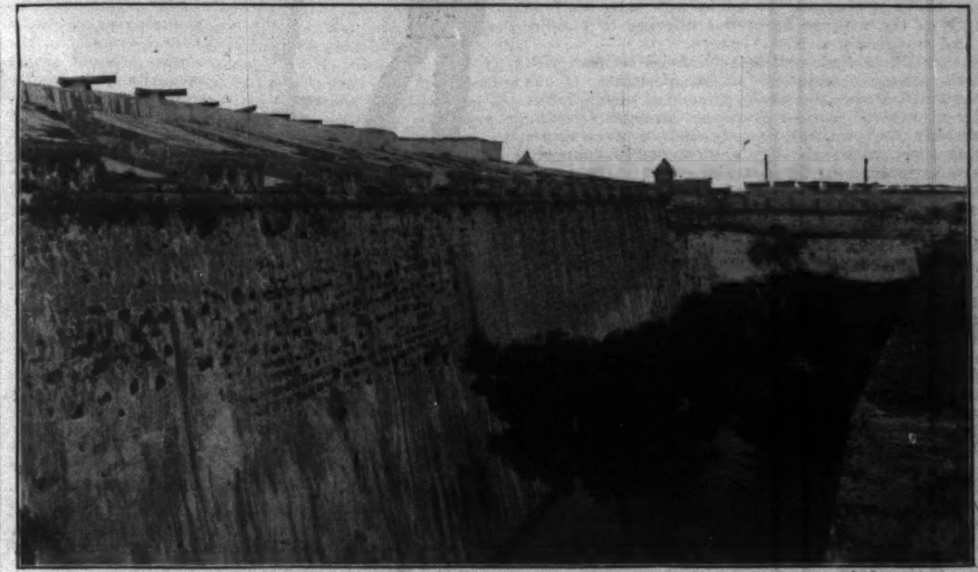


CABAÑA, FROM THE HARBOR.



CABAÑA, LOOKING TOWARD MORRO.

DRAWBRIDGE—ENTRANCE TO CABAÑA.



WEST WALL OF CABAÑA, SHOWING BATTERY AND MOAT.

ENTRANCE TO CABAÑA FORTRESS.

Cuba's New State Prison

GENERAL WOOD has decided to put to some practical use the enormous but obsolete fortifications of La Cabaña and El Morro across the harbor from Havana. They will be used as a state prison for the island of Cuba. Based on careful surveys and estimates recently made by the engineers, a plan has been devised whereby all sanitary difficulties can be overcome, and 1000 prisoners with the necessary guards can be comfortably quartered in these historic piles of masonry.

It was the hill on which Cabaña now stands that was captured by the English in 1762, and from that hill they accomplished the fall of Morro, and finally of the city of Havana. It was this fact that gave origin to the present work, for when Cuba again came into the hands of Spain, in 1763, the first new work of defence undertaken was the building of Cabaña. It took eleven years to build it, and it is estimated to have cost about fifteen million dollars.

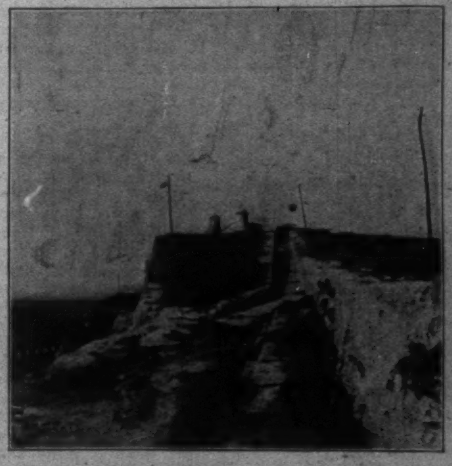
Cabaña was built more to protect the harbor and to guard the approach to Morro than to command the sea, for while from its walls there is a small zone of effective range beyond the harbor, it is in the harbor itself that it commands the situation. Within the outer walls of Cabaña the works are complicated and enormous. Parapet within parapet, gallery after gallery, fill the great space until there is nothing left but narrow passageways between the masonry structures. Spain, during the war with the United States, did not keep over fifteen hundred soldiers in Cabaña, though it would be possible to maintain a garrison of ten thousand troops under its protection. Of late years it has been hardly more than guarded, for it has been used for military prisoners, and no attempt was made to include it in the system of defence. It was against one of the walls of Cabaña that the Cuban revolutionists were stood when about to be executed, and from the interior of this fortress came the files of soldiers who did the work. On the wall over the blood-stained ground has now been placed a tablet commemorative of those who died in this cause.

At present the state prisoners of Cuba are kept in the Presidio, an immense yellow building on the city side of the harbor, and near the point of land which juts out to form the mouth. In this place there are now an average of 600 prisoners. There is no attempt at drainage or sanitation of any kind that is effective in the entire building, and the interior is dirty, gloomy, and unwholesome. The Americans have done everything in their power to alleviate these conditions, but with the buildings as they are it is almost impossible to do more than to keep things fairly clean and give the prisoners good food and medical attendance. It was the impossibility of making this present prison even tolerable that suggested the plan for utilizing the fortifications across the harbor.

INTERIOR OF MORRO.

ENTRANCE TO MORRO.

MEMORIAL TABLET ON THE WALL OF CABAÑA.



PROTECTED WAY LEADING FROM CABAÑA TO MORRO.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

ONE dramatic project, novel, if not necessary, lacks now an essential support. If that be forth-coming, a theatre for children will exist next winter in New York. There have already been tentative performances in the crypt of Carnegie Hall—devoted to so much that is exotic and experimental in local theatricals—and this subterranean auditorium is to house this new endeavor if a capitalist can be found to believe in its prospects. Unfamiliar enterprise in dramatic art, even when the art unambitiously appeals to adolescence, is likely to be beset with the inconvenience that the lack of what has been called "an angel" inevitably causes. This figure may hover in the background, but is indispensable, nevertheless, and theatrical entertainment designed exclusively for children may not be a reality until he appears. His advent is awaited with sufficient certainty, in this particular quarter, to allow the semiofficial announcement that the scheme so dependent on his arrival will in all probability be carried through.

The advantage of an angel's participation in any plan for the pleasure and instruction of children is

Only a Child with a stunted Sense of Humor could fail to appreciate the Witticisms of De Wolf Hopper.

not to be disputed. Even when a complacency in financial matters and a rosy hopefulness are the principal qualities demanded in a theatrical angel, one is nevertheless to be welcomed when a theatre such as that contemplated depends on his presence.

Music has been for the past three years applied to large audiences of children in doses thought appropriate to them. They have heard symphonies and overtures, selected with a view to their easy digestion, and administered with palliative explanation and comment. The drama ought not to be neglected if a taste for the arts is to be cultivated at such an early age.

The proposed plan of educating juvenile opinion of the theatre differs radically, however, from that which the musicians have successfully tried for several seasons. The concert programmes offered the works of the masters that were best suited to the young. But whatever the character of the compositions happened to be, they represented always the work of some recognized classical composer. Whether it was a work of Haydn or Brahms, Mozart or Tschaikowsky, that more or less engrossed the attention of the youthful hearers, it had always the value of expressing the best spirit of the art. It is not certain that the children's theatre will do anything of the kind.

Fairy stories seem likely to be its most ambitious efforts. Probably the imagination of every child is quickened by hearing the classics of folk-lore, in whatever form they come to him, and it is probably a loss to every child of the day that the fairy story no longer holds its old place among the pleasures that are first offered to the young. If it makes its little patrons better acquainted with the beauty and spirit of the old stories, gives them a deeper sympathy with Cinderella, the Sleeping Beauty, Jack the Giant-killer, and the rest of that alluring crew, the children's theatre will have fulfilled a purpose. It will not then be left to so many adults to acquaint themselves for the first time with the delights of this literature, which seems every year to be accepted less and less as the property of the young.

But if its only end be their diversion, children do not stand in need of a theatre for their particular use. The theatre of the day abounds in childishness. Most of the humor in the average farce, burlesque, or comic opera apparently takes the child's point of view. If this is not the standard of the text, the actors usually have their own, and that keeps to the criterion of the "Kindchen lay."

Somehow the larger Public prefer Burlesque to the purposeful Play.

It would take a child with a stunted sense of humor not to laugh at the antics of Francis Wilson or Henry C. Barnabee, and there would be cause for grave apprehension in the case of any youngster who failed to laugh at the elephantine evolutions of De Wolf Hopper or the gyrations of Dan Daly. That they are not in dramatized folk-lore may be a disadvantage to the educational side of their work. But for mere entertainment they meet the demands of the average child quite as well as any theatre organized for his particular diversion.

The plan has not the advantage that dwelt with the musical enterprise. That educated its hearers, whether they would or not. Possibly culture may be unconsciously acquired in witnessing the fairy stories on the stage.

A children's theatre ought to have this merit, as it will probably not appeal to adolescent taste half so strongly as the average humorous offering to middle-aged and sophisticated New-Yorkers.

It seems likely that sufficient financial support will be forth-coming to make the scheme possible. It has frequently been a matter of surprise that angels hover readily over performances given in Carnegie Lyceum. Presumably the philanthropy of most of its schemes attracts them, although they are commonly supposed to have an interest in the material event of the enterprises with which they are associated. But ingenuousness must be a quality of all angels.

WILLIAM ARCHER is the latest critic to lament the attitude of the cultivated mind towards the theatre. He expresses again the regret that the intellectual man who goes to the theatre for an evening's enjoyment is very much more likely to select a burlesque or a comic opera than a serious play. Grant Allen's investigations over the drama, some years ago, led him to the same conclusion, and he was discouraged to find that the Oxford professor who came to town and went to the play was usually more likely to select the Gaiety than the Lyceum as his goal. This idea of the function of the theatre is quite as firmly rooted here as it is in England, because it seems impossible for Anglo-Saxon minds to regard the institution as possessed of any other purpose than to amuse. Discussion of plays with persons thoughtful and learned in other particulars leads usually to utter confusion when enlightened or discriminating opinion is expected. What are regarded as its banal and discouraging features by those who flatter themselves that they know most about a play delight those whose taste would never be at fault in any other question of art. No such mistakes—if they are to be called mistakes—would ever be made concerning the artistic value of a picture or a book. But the stage is not deserving of the serious consideration that would be given by all cultivated thinkers to the two other arts.

It is this feeling which limits the prosperity of any independent theatre schemes in this country, where the stage exists solely as a method of entertainment. It is by no means certain that it has any other end, or that it could fulfil its purpose better than by satisfying those who find in its offerings relief from actual experience that may not be nearly so agreeable or charming. But there is a party that persists in believing that the stage has other ends, and that claim is no more to be

The Antics of Dan Daly.

overlooked than the other, hopeless as the outcome of this latter view seems.

The class to which a cultivated and literary drama might be expected to appeal frankly prefers "The Runaway Girl," or its kind, because these persons recognize no reason for allowing the theatre to become mixed up in any way with their intellectual pursuits. The larger part of the public has no intellectual differences to be troubled about, but keeps away from the attempts at a literary, purposeful drama, in the confidence, shared by the class referred to, that its entertainment will not be so satisfying. So the small clientèle that remains for the support of what has come to be known as the independent theatre plan is neither learned nor numerous. Its interest in the drama may be as great as its information on the subject, yet its attempts to arouse an interest in the theatre, as something more than a means of diversion, is no less creditable because it is futile. The intelligent student of the drama must be satisfied with his enjoyment and despair of converts.

"BORDERSIDE" was a small disaster in the late dramatic season and scarcely left a scar. It was performed at the Lyceum, presumably to introduce Virginia Calhoun. She had never been heard of here before, although the name has become moderately well known to observers of stage affairs through the career of an older sister, Eleanor Calhoun. This actress has not acted much in this country, or, for that matter, in any country, but she has frequently been heard of in various ambitious undertakings abroad.

The Professor who comes to Town does not go to the Tragedies.

One heard that she was playing in classic French tragedy at the Paris Odéon, which seemed a high achievement for an American, or was to lead in the production of some important English play. These striking efforts were duly made public, but they seem to have been too brief and frequent to create any deep impression. At all events, Eleanor Calhoun is only a name, in spite of the emphasis laid on her European career.

No actress could have made a propitious beginning in "Borderside." Its title was that of a country place in Maryland, said by a programme not to actually exist, and to have been peopled at some time by the impossible figures that moved through the play. A young girl fell in love with a man whom she took for her father. He was in love with her, yet knowing the girl's error, made no attempt to enlighten her. This might be incomprehensible to anybody not familiar with the proceedings of all the characters in the play. But it seemed quite as reasonable as anything else

The Outcome remains to be Seen.

that took place. There was no more mystery in the conduct of the hero than in the actions of everybody that appeared, or in the object of those persons who brought the play forward with any hope of success in a New York theatre, or believed that Virginia Calhoun was an actress of the calibre to triumph over such a futile absurdity as it proved to be.

Miss Calhoun showed, indeed, little talent, nor does she possess the advantage of experience or training. So there was nothing in "Borderside" to be thankful for.

Interest might have been added to the performance by bringing from Maryland some of the persons who are said to figure in the play. The programme said that they had all lived in Garrett County in that State. They would all have been ashamed of themselves, if they really behaved in life as they did on the stage, or they would have very just grounds for resentment against the author who had made them appear in such a light.

The audience chose to regard them humorously, on the first night of the play, and as subsequent gatherings were not numerous enough to have it make any difference what they thought, the reputations of these anonymous Marylanders did not really suffer. It was the county that had to bear the brunt of all the opinions that the strange proceedings on the stage aroused. It was decided not to take these seriously, early in the first performance, so "Borderside" lost the merit of being a document of life in Garrett County, which is the only merit it could have possessed.

Rose Calhoun does not believe in the Dramatized Fairy Story.

As there will be little of interest or importance in the dramatic world during the summer months, the department of "The Drama" will be discontinued with this issue of the WEEKLY. At the opening of the theatrical season, in the autumn, the department will be resumed.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

AT the meeting of the American Social Science Association on May 8 in Washington there was read an important paper by Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, the president of the association, on the "Education of the Negro." He said that slavery taught the negro to work, and developed his skill in mechanical industries. The school of the plantation taught him this fundamental thing—to be an agriculturist, a mechanic, a material producer of something useful. In Mr. Warner's opinion the higher education which has been offered to the Southern negro since the civil war has operated in precisely the opposite direction. Its results have been disappointing. He does not find that the colleges for negroes, of which such great things were expected, have, as a whole, stimulated industry, thrift, and the inclination to settle down to hard work. They seem to him to have had a contrary effect, and to have bred idleness, "a vaporous ambition in politics, and that sort of conceit of gentility of which the world has already enough." He does not say that the higher education is responsible for the present condition of the negro, but only that we have been disappointed in extravagant expectations of what it would do for a race undeveloped and wanting, as yet, in certain elements of character. The education that Mr. Warner believes to be at present most important for the negro is that of the common schools, and the industrial education that is given at such places as Tuskegee. He says that a top-dressing of culture on a field with no depth of soil may for a moment simulate the promise of vegetation, but no fruit will be produced. He wants, for the negro, training in the decencies of life, in conduct, and in all the industries; he favors the spread and betterment of the common schools, and compulsory attendance on them, and he thinks that for the present the schools, as a rule, should have white teachers. For the exceptional cases, he said, a higher education could easily be provided, but it should not be offered as a universal panacea.

MR. H. B. FRISSELL, principal of the Hampton Institute, spoke at the same meeting on much the same subject. He did not criticise the effort to provide higher education for the negro, but the educational needs of the South that he dwelt upon were the same as those set forth by Mr. Warner. He said the Southern education problem was not hopeless, but hopeful. It was chiefly the problem of overcoming illiteracy among both whites and blacks. The expenditure for common schools in the South had trebled in twenty years, but in the country districts the schools were still deplorably inadequate. The black masses, said Mr. Frissell, can be made industrious, self-respecting citizens, of untold value to the South, if they are educated in the right way. What he wants for them is not mere book knowledge, but a larger infusion of moral and industrial training in the whole public-school system. The negro, he says, has not always in times past been wisely trained, but the sort of education that produced Booker Washington has succeeded wonderfully in extinguishing crime and promoting order, contentment, and prosperity. In Mr. Frissell's opinion there can be no permanent financial or social prosperity in the South without improved public schools, and no permanent political stability so long as ignorant masses, whether black or white, are allowed to vote.

THIS question of suffrage in the South was discussed by the next speaker, Mr. A. M. Waddell, of North Carolina, who declared that unrestricted negro suffrage in the South had been tried for forty years and had worked nothing but mischief. He favored the repeal or modification of the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution, and a property qualification for the negro voter. "White supremacy," he said, "is absolutely essential to the negro's welfare, because it means the salvation of those things upon which his every interest depends. It is madness in him, and cruelty in those who advise him, to resist it."

THERE is no doubt that such views as these of Mr. Waddell get a very much more respectful hearing in the North than they would have had ten years ago. The old Northern idea was, largely, that the negro was a black white-man, and that if he had personal freedom and a vote and some schooling he would get along well, and grow in grace, and work out his own moral and material salvation. That idea has been justified in individual cases, but as applied to the mass of Southern negroes it is less respected than formerly. Very gradually a great many Northern readers have come to suspect that the average negro is a considerably cruder and less competent creature than the average Anglo-Saxon white man, and is liable to go backwards under conditions wherein the white man would go ahead. It is no longer scandalous to suggest that the scheme of education which seems good for long-established communities of self-governing whites may not be equally well suited to masses of negroes who have not demonstrated their ability to take care of themselves. It does not even outrage public sentiment any more to say that the Southern negro's vote seems to have done him nothing but harm, and that possibly it would be to his advantage to be relieved of it, until he can offer more evidence of capacity to use it for his own good. The increased toleration of candid discussion of these matters is a hopeful sign. The facts are better known than they used to be. The problem seems to be better understood, and its treatment cannot fail to be more intelligent. Northern speakers and Southern speakers, critics of one form of education, advocates of another, men who protest against disfranchisement, men who call for it, all have the same end in view—to raise the mass of the negroes, and make them orderly, self-sustaining, and progressive. That the negroes shall go forwards and not backwards is a matter of earnest concern in the North, but to the South it is a matter of life and death. The States that have the biggest stake in the negro's future are the States that must go down with him if he is allowed to sink.

A GOOD deal of attention has been given to a recent article in the Philadelphia *Medical Journal* by Surgeon Charles E. Woodruff, of the army, on the food and drink problems in the Philippines. He says our army ration is now nearly perfect, and that Congress has helped it vastly by allowing the appointment of a cook for each company. Soldiers, he says, must have fat pork, even in hot countries, because their cooking has to be done largely in frying-pans.

As for drink, he says men drink intoxicants in the Philippines because long exposure to heat and moisture wears out nervous force, and there is a natural defensive craving for liquor to overcome nervous exhaustion. He believes that for most white men in a hot climate the moderate use of intoxicating drink is essential to continued health and efficiency. Old residents in such climates, he says, always tell new-comers that abstinence is the only safe policy, and then ask them what they will take, with suggestions as to the merits of certain drinks.

Of course Dr. Woodruff's opinion is not conclusive, but it is intelligent and interesting, and it helps at least to explain the reports of the consuming thirst of our soldiers in Manila. Their thirst seems to be due not entirely to the promptings of fallen natures, but largely to the enervating effects of the climate.

A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who writes from Bridgeport, Connecticut, says he has served in the Philippines, and that his experience was that the men who drank least got on best, and absolute abstainers best of all. He does not agree with the conclusions of Dr. Woodruff, but dissents modestly, as becomes a layman, and courteously, but very positively, from them in so far as his personal observations warrant. This witness, who certainly has no prejudice in favor of soldiers' drinking, makes a statement in his letter which is commended to the attention of the agitators in behalf of the suppression of the army canteen. He writes:

"So pernicious is the use of liquor upon the soldier during the more trying periods of service when the brain should be clear and the nerves unrelaxed, that both division commanders prohibited its importation into the lines under most severe penalty. In nearly all of the regimental barracks in Manila, however, canteens are operated where nothing but the best of American beers is sold. This has proved to be an unalloyed benison to the soldier when off duty, for he is enabled to pass his leisure hours in the indulgence of a beverage that does him vastly less harm than the spirituous drinks that are to be obtained in the many saloons and low groggeries all over the city."

THE New York University's project for a Hall of Fame progresses admirably. The list of judges who are to select the group of eminent Americans whose worth the hall is to attest is out, and comprises so many names of high distinction as to make it seem a pity that other important jobs should not be discovered on which to employ the abilities of so remarkable a company. Such an aggregation of wise people could settle anything—strikes, questions of public policy, our duty in the Philippines, the rum question—anything determinable by wit of man. Every one you would expect to find in such a list is there except Benjamin Harrison and Thomas Reed, late of Maine. There are twenty-five college presidents, including three women, twenty-four professors of history or science, twenty-eight Supreme Court justices, including two (Fuller and Brewer) from the highest Federal Court, an ex-President, some editors, some more professors, one poet, one stock-broker, one Rough Rider, several ministers, and a bishop. There are one hundred judges in all, and the list includes at least one representative from each of the forty-five States.

Persons in whom the speculative instinct is strong are invited to consider the chances that the name of John Brown will be one of those posted.

THE war on the Ice Trust in New York has been, for the time being, more interesting to newspaper readers in these parts than either of the remoter wars which the papers chronicle. Every housekeeper in New York is interested in it, for the Trust has raised the price of ice to families from 25 cents a hundred to 60 cents, giving warning at the same time of the probability of further increase. There was a short ice crop last winter on the Hudson. Whether the Trust takes the trouble to attribute the aggravation of its rates to that is not clearly known, but the public is assured by the newspapers that there is ice enough to go round this year. When the president of the company announces that he is in business to make money for his stockholders, that assurance, candid as it is, has little effect in calming the popular mind. When a trust gets rich by cheapening to consumers the price of the commodity it deals in, the consumer bears it like a philosopher. A trust that cheapens kerosene or sugar may be an octopus, but it is felt to have redeeming characteristics. But a trust that doubles or trebles the price of ice by controlling the visible supply is likely to test the vigor of public sentiment as to monopolies. The fact that leading Tammany men seem to be intimately concerned with the Ice Trust increases the interest of the situation. The recent exploits of Mr. Gates lately raised the question whether officers of trusts can run their concerns exclusively to please themselves. The Ice Trust's enterprise seems adapted to stimulate further inquiries in the same direction. The public is getting erudite about trusts, but it remains to be seen whether the value of its knowledge will warrant the cost of it.

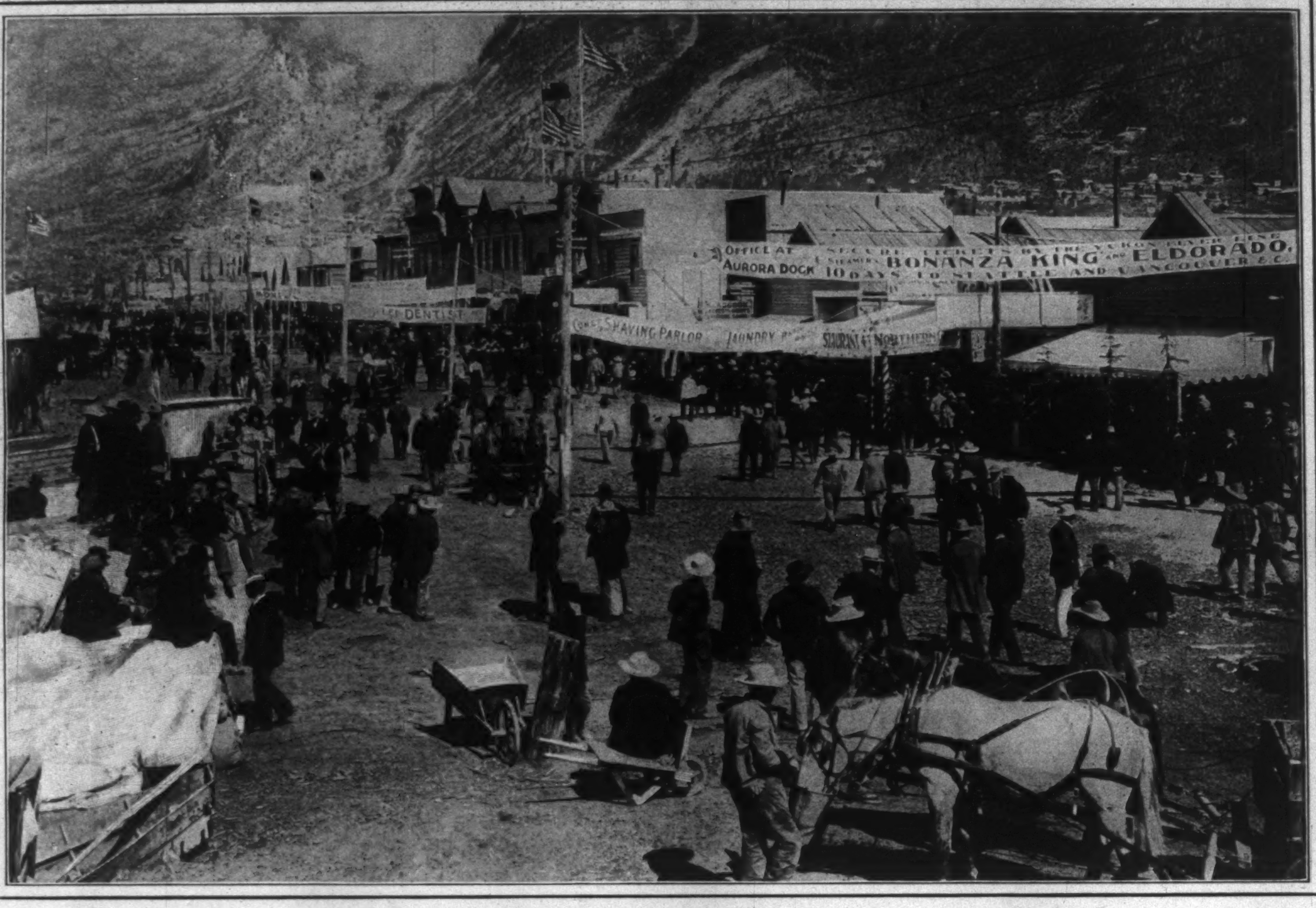
SCHOLARS decline to be excited by the cabled report of the recent discovery of a letter written by Jesus Christ. The cabled report came from Rome and was based on a paper read by a professor from Vienna at a meeting of archæologists. He discussed a Greek inscription found in the ruins of a palace at Ephesus, in which part of this letter is given. The story of the letter turns out to be very old. Eusebius, Christian historian of the fourth century, recorded a story to the effect that King Abgar of Edessa wrote, inviting Christ to come to Edessa, and that Christ replied declining. Eusebius gave the text of both letters, but scholars have not regarded the correspondence as authentic, though in very early times it was widely credited and copied. It seems to have been part of this correspondence a Greek translation of which has been found at Ephesus.

ANY one who is surprised at the early acceptance of these letters which later critics have deemed apocryphal is invited to consider the animated discussion which has been raging over two familiar occurrences of much later date. There is an elm, ancient and now decrepit, on Garden Street near the common in Cambridge, under which, it has long been believed, Washington took command of the Continental army. So tradition maintained. So Lossing recorded in his *Field-Book of the Revolution;* so for years a tablet near the elm has testified. But the tree has got out of repair, and, worse still, is in the way of trolley-cars, which have to go round it. Suddenly its validity is impeached. A Harvard professor is found to say that there is no proof that Washington ever saw the tree, and that it is rotten and obstructive and ought to come down.

The other case is that of Barbara Frietchie, immortalized by Whittier for waving a Federal flag at Stonewall Jackson when he entered Frederick, Maryland. On April 23 at the Cooper Union, in New York, General Henry Kyd Douglas, once a Confederate officer on General Jackson's staff, and who went with him to Frederick, divulged to a large audience that the Barbara Frietchie incident, though good poetry, never really happened. Barbara, he said, was ninety-six years old at the time, helpless, and nearly blind, and General Jackson did not pass her house. Next day but one Colonel Hamlin of Bangor, Maine, gave his testimony. He has a cane given him in 1869 by Senator Steiner of Frederick, made of wood from the house of Barbara Frietchie. Senator Steiner knew Barbara and knew about the waving of the flag, and told the story to Colonel Hamlin. But Colonel Hamlin does not insist that the flag was waved at General Jackson. That may have been poet's or reporter's license, but the flag was waved at some one.

So goes the discussion. Meanwhile we have the verses and they will probably continue in use. The poem has the advantage of the Washington elm in that the space it occupies on the earth is not needed for other uses.

THE society system at Yale, which was widely advertised some months ago as being in need of revision in sundry particulars, has received careful and protracted attention at home from a committee of the Yale undergraduates, and assurance comes of prospective amendments which give promise of curing its defects. The trouble, as may be recalled, was that the Sophomore societies seemed to have succeeded too well, and their success had enlarged their prerogatives and given them an undue share of influence in the social concerns of the college. The changes which have been recommended, and which promise to be adopted, provide for infusing new life into the Junior societies, and transferring to them some of the surplus vigor and influence which had caused the Sophomore societies to be regarded with jealousy. The problem, so far as it has been worked out, has been solved by the undergraduate committee, with such graduate counsel as they desired.

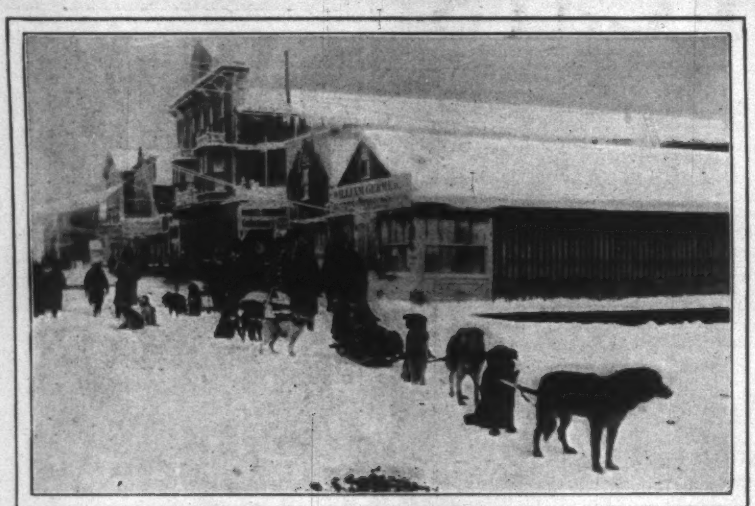


THE MAIN STREET OF DAWSON AT MID-DAY.

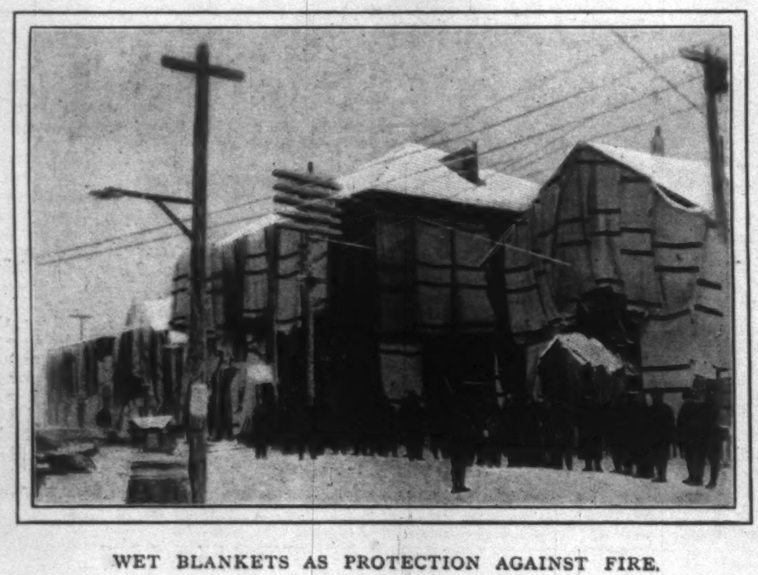
The Klondike Output for 1900

WHILE Nome City, the new gold-camp under the arctic circle, one hundred miles north of St. Michael, is absorbing most of the attention of prospectors here and at Seattle, Dawson does not seem to have suffered much from the new attraction on the bleak shore of Bering Sea. The latest advices from the chief city of the Klondike declare that the clean-up will be large and unusually early, as many men who own claims will have a force to work them, while they will depart as soon as possible for Cape Nome, or Cape York, or the Koyukuk country, to make a personal investigation of the new bonanza fields. For every one who leaves Dawson there will be five to come in, as at least half the people on the way to Nome will go by way of Dawson. All the trails leading to the Klondike are reported crowded with prospectors, who are using every variety of vehicle from dog-sledges to bicycles and automobiles. Among recent arrivals at the metropolis of the Klondike were two women who made the journey from Skaguay without male escort. They had a sleigh with one horse, and though several times they came within an ace of losing their animal through holes in the ice, they managed to arrive all right.

This spring the dumps at the various mines are being worked much earlier than usual. Some companies use a shot-water plant that washes out a large amount of dirt in a day, and the success of this device shows that it will probably be adopted generally in Alaska, wherever there is no lack of fuel. It gives the miner the great advantage of ascertaining the value of the dirt that he takes out. Under the old system two or four miners working together spent the whole winter taking out pay dirt and piling it up in huge dumps. No one could tell till spring what these dumps would yield, though an occasional pan, washed out in hot water, gave some clew to the richness of the dirt. With the new steam-washers the dumps may be cleared up every week, and then if a prospect hole is found to be yielding poorly it may be abandoned for new ground. Dawson will be helped by the sale at auction on June 1 by Gold-Commissioner Senkler of all the Canadian government's placer-mining claims. These claims have been tied up for months and no development work has been done on them. They will now pass into the hands of practical miners or mining companies, and work will begin on them as soon as possible. Dawson during the past winter had several narrow escapes from complete destruction by fire. The worst fire was last January, when the big warehouses of the Alaska Commercial Company were saved only by the original device of wetting blankets and spreading them over the roof and sides of the building. All the company's force of officials was kept on duty for several days to guard the premises from looters.



DOG-TEAMS IN DAWSON.



WET BLANKETS AS PROTECTION AGAINST FIRE.

What the Klondike creeks will yield this spring is still a matter of conjecture, but conservative men estimate that the total output of gold will not fall below $30,000,000. This estimate is based on the fact that a large number of claims have been worked by big gangs of men, using all the most improved labor-saving appliances. The steam-thawer enables a man to do more now in one day in sinking a prospect hole to bed-rock than he was able in the old days to accomplish in a week. Wood has also been far more plentiful, and labor much cheaper and more abundant. Stories of rich discoveries have not come out of the Klondike this winter and spring, but the men who have sent letters declare they are doing well, and all appear to unite in saying that the gold output will be much larger than ever before.

Life in Dawson during the winter just passed was fairly comfortable. Municipal conditions have improved steadily, the food-supply has been adequate, and prices, as prices go in remote or frontier towns, have been quite reasonable. Although the place is "wide-open" in the accepted sense of that term when applied to mining communities, the town has become so settled that refining influences are at work. A higher order of amusements is noticeable in the place. Social meetings are not confined exclusively to the gaming-table. When there are so many men of intelligence—even though many of them appear rough—in a town as there are in Dawson, a good deal of intellectual discussion of various topics is going on all the time. These matters, with speculation regarding Cape Nome and the spring clean-up, with the prospect of new arrivals and the departures for the States, have taken away much of the wearisome dulness that existed in the place in its former winter experiences.

*Mr. Dooley: On Alcohol as Food**

BY F. P. DUNNE

"IF a man come into this saloon—" Mr. Hennessy was saying.

"This ain't no saloon," Mr. Dooley interrupted. "This is a resthrant."

"A what?" Mr. Hennessy exclaimed.

"A resthrant," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye don't know, Hinnissy, that liquor is food. It is, though. Food—an' dhrink. That's what a doctor says in th' pa-apers, an' another doctor wants th' gover'mint to sind tubs iv th' stuff down to th' Ph'lipeens. He said 'tis almost issintial that people shud dhrink in thim hot climates. Th' perspiration don't dhry on thim afther a hard pursoot iv Aggynaldoo an' th' capture iv Gin'ral Pantaloons de Garshy; they begin to think iv home an' mother sindin' down th' lawn-sprinkler to be filled with bock, an' they go off somewhere, an' not bein' able to dhry thimsilves with dhrink, they want to die. Th' disease is called nostalgia or homesickness, or thirst.

"'What we want to do f'r our sojer boys in th' Ph'lipeens besides killin' thim,' says th' ar-rmy surgeon, 'is make th' place more homelike,' he says. 'Manny iv our boys hasn't had th' deleeryum thremens since we first planted th' stars an' sthripes,' he says, 'an' th' bay'nits among th' people,' he says. 'I wud be in favor iv havin' th' rigimints get their feet round wanst a week, at laste,' he says. 'Lave us,' he says, 'reform th' reg'lations,' he says, 'an' insthruct our sojers to keep their powdher dhry an' their whistles wet,' he says.

"Th' idee ought to take, Hinnissy, f'r th' other doctor la-ad has discovered that liquor is food. 'A man,' says he, 'can live f'r months on a little booze taken fr'm time to time,' he says. 'They's a gr-reat dale iv nourishment in it,' he says. An' I believe him, f'r manny's th' man I know that don't think iv eatin' whin he can get a dhrink. I wondher if th' time will iver come whin ye'll see a man sneakin' out iv th' family enthrance iv a lunch-room hurridly bitin' a clove! People may get so they'll carry a light dinner iv a bottle iv rye down to their wurruk an' a man 'll tell ye he niver takes more thin a bottle iv beer f'r breakfast. Th' cook 'll give way to th' bartinder, an' th' doctor 'll ordher people f'r to ate on'y at meals. Ye'll r-read in th' pa-apers that 'Anton Boozinski, while crazed with ham an' eggs, thried to kill his wife an' childher.' On Pathrick's day ye'll see th' Dr. Tanner Anti-Food Fife an' Drum Corpse out at the head iv th' procession instead iv th' Father Macchews, an' they'll be places where a man can be took whin he gets th' monkeys fr'm immodhrate eatin'. Th' sojers 'll complain that th' liquor was unfit to dhrink an' they'll be inquiries to find out who sold embammin' flood to th' ar-rmy. Poor people 'll have simple meals—p'rhaps a bucket iv beer an' a little crame de mint, an' ye'll r-read in th' pa-apers about a poor family found starvin' on th' North Side, with nawthin' to sustain life but wan small bottle iv gin, while th' head iv th' family, a man well known to th' polis, spinds his wages in a low doggery or bake-shop fuddlin' his brains with custard pie. Th' r-rich 'll inthrajoose novelties. P'raps they'll top off a fine dinner with a little hasheesh or proosic acid. Th' time 'll come whin ye'll see me in a white cap fryin' a cocktail over a cook-sthove, while a nigger hollers to me, 'Dhraw a stock iv Scotch,' an' I holler back, 'On th' fire.' Ye will not."

"That's what I thought," said Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley. "Whisky wuddent be so much iv a luxury if 'twas more iv a necessity. I don't believe 'tis a food, though whin me frind Schwartzmeister makes a cocktail all it needs is a few noodles to look like a biled dinner. No, whisky ain't food. I think betther iv it than that. I wuddent insult it be placin' it on th' same low plane as a lobster salad. Father Kelly puts it r-right, an' years go by without him lookin' on it even at Hallowe'en. 'Whisky,' says he, 'is called th' divle because,' he says, ''tis wan iv th' fallen angels,' he says. 'It has its place,' he says, 'but its place is not in a man's head,' says he. 'It ought to be th' reward iv action, not th' cause iv it,' he says. 'It's f'r th' end iv th' day, not th' beginnin',' he says. 'Hot whisky is good f'r a cold heart, an' no whisky's good f'r a hot head,' he says. 'Th' minyit a man relies on it f'r a cruthch he loses th' use iv his legs. 'Tis a bad thing to stand on, a good thing to sleep on, a good thing to talk on, a bad thing to think on. If it's in th' head in th' mornin' it ought not to be in th' mouth at night. If it laughs in ye, dhrink; if it weeps, swear off. It makes some men talk like good women an' some women talk like bad men. It is a livin' f'r orators an' th' death iv bookkeepers. It doesn't sustain life, but, whin taken hot with wather, a lump iv sugar, a piece iv lemon peel, an' just th' dustin' iv a nutmeg-grater, it makes life sustainable.'"

"D'ye think ye'ersilf it sustains life?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It has sustained mine f'r manny years," said Mr. Dooley.

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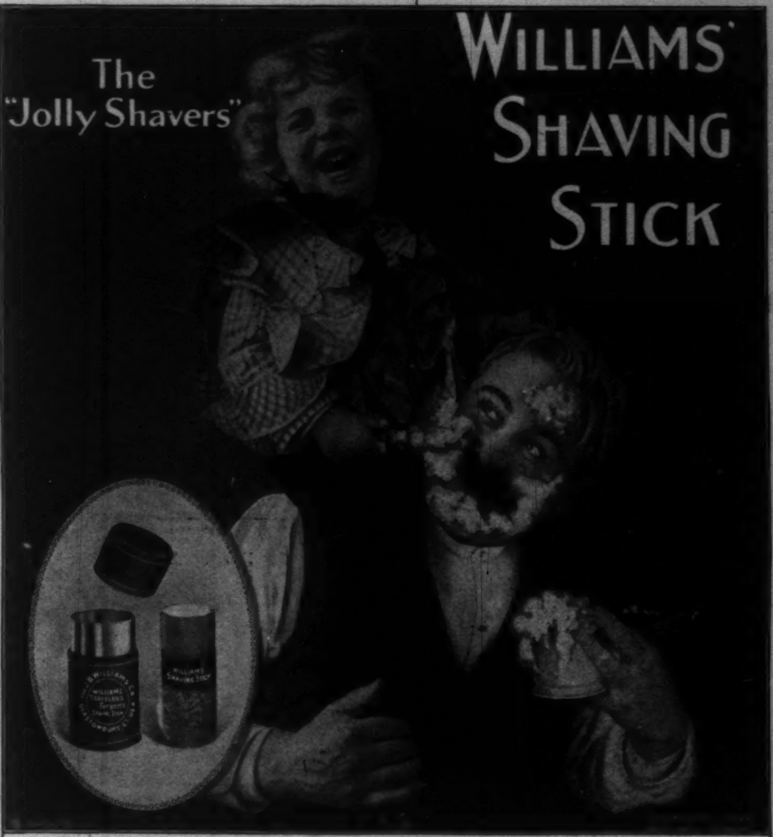

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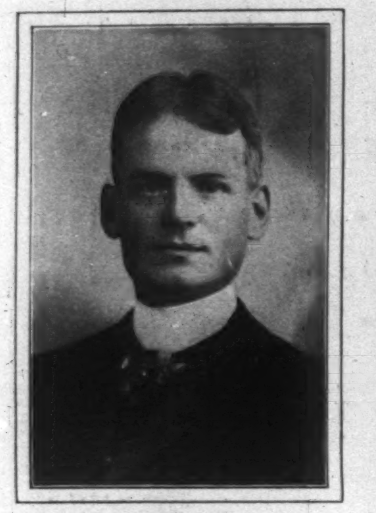

F. W. ATKINSON,
Newly appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction in the Philippine Islands.

Ferdinand Peck. B. D. Woodward. Morin Goustiaux. A. S. Capehart.

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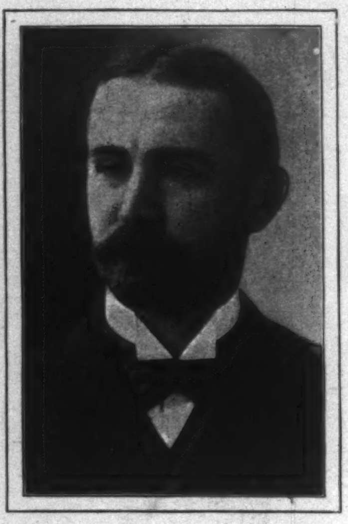

DR. HENRY S. PRITCHETT,
Newly appointed President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

"The Unknown"

THIS is certain to prove a stimulating book. It is avowedly in the line of the investigations by the Society for Psychical Research, in England, and shows the increasing interest and importance of such work. The author is a Frenchman, scientist, and astronomer of the first rank, and his reputation alone will carry much weight before the general public, to say nothing of the quality of his work. The book is written for the general student, and not for the technical investigator into the recesses of psychology, though this is done without sacrificing either the scientific spirit or the cautiousness that is so obligatory in this new field. The title, *The Unknown*,* is well chosen. It avoids committal to any positive theory of the facts, and challenges the attention of those who would like to throw the mud of discredited theories at the author's head. The attitude of agnosticism is well sustained throughout the book, but it is the agnosticism of a man who is rebuking the bigotry and intolerance of science rather than religion. All this is in favor of the author's reputation and influence. The introduction is a very sober and circumspect piece of work, and is frank to the degree of courage. It exhibits just that indifference to the ridicule of a philistine public which a scientific man with some moral resolution would display, and this tone of half-defiance augurs well for victory—if not for a theory, certainly for the importance of the subject and the author's intelligence.

The origin of the work was a vast number of alleged facts which it has been the scandal of science not to have investigated. M. Flammarion resolved, after the manner of the English society, to investigate them. He has simply collected and verified various coincidences that purport to have a supernormal character and origin. The book narrates the results without committing the author to anything but a possible conclusion. He hardly even proposes a working hypothesis.

The subject-matter dealt with in the various chapters consists of apparitions, and various coincidences occurring to one person simultaneously with and apparently indicative of the death of another person at a distance; psychic effects of one mind on another at a distance; coincidental dreams and hallucinations generally; and premonitory dreams. The phenomena of clairvoyance come in for slight mention. Of apparitions and similar incidents coinciding with the death of some friend M. Flammarion narrates 180; of psychic coincidences not necessarily suggestive of spiritism there are 41 instances; of coincidental dreams, 70 cases; of dreams representing supernormal knowledge of distant facts there are 49 instances; and of premonitory dreams, 73 cases. Almost the entire volume is occupied with the mere narration of these facts. In response to inquiries M. Flammarion received 4280 letters. Of these 2456 gave a negative answer to the question whether the writers had ever experienced a coincidental phenomenon, and 1824 answered in the affirmative. Of this latter number 1758 gave details, and only 786 of them were chosen for scientific remark. These 786 cases represent 1130 different facts of psychic character and interest. They are not all of the same relevance to any given theory, and hence in presenting them M. Flammarion has judiciously laid the stress upon those having a psychological nature and pertinence. Not the least valuable also is the careful consideration of chance coincidences and hallucinations which have no claim to any supernormal causes. The reader can remark these for himself.

We can give no conception of the author's material. The reader must go to the book itself to get this. One story quoted from it would only mar its value, no matter how we choose to regard such things. The important thing to be noted is the indication of scientific interest in a subject that has so long been tabooed by the philistines. The evidence is distinct that we are on the border-land of the profoundest truths ever discovered, even if they do not lead to the conclusion that the facts at first suggest. We cannot observe and study such phenomena as apparitions, involving coincidence with death and mediumistic "communications," without coming upon definite indications of some world or form of energy transcendent to what we know of matter as it appeals to our senses. M. Flammarion, however, is cautious. He feels and expresses no assurance in regard to the one question in which the majority of mankind is interested, namely, survival after death. But he knows full well that this is the natural direction of philosophical theory when it comes to the serious consideration of the facts. The author's policy in argument is a good one. He first attacks the dogmatism of the materialistic mind as incompatible with the scientific spirit, and endeavors to secure an agnostic attitude in favor of other possibilities, even if his own facts are not sufficient to prove anything supernormal. He simply asks consideration of phenomena that may eventually justify the hope and beliefs of the ordinary mind. In reply to those who wish to discredit investigations into psychical phenomena, and who ask what such studies lead to, M. Flammarion says, "We answer, 'They tend to show that the soul exists, and that our hopes of immortality are not chimeras.'" The author makes no attempt to prove such a hypothesis. On the contrary, he wisely regards the transcendental influence of immaterial agencies, without assuming spiritistic influences, as the first presumption to be entertained, and thus invokes rightly the scientific habit of not going too fast. All that M. Flammarion will commit himself to positively is the following statement, which assumes much more than the average scientific man will admit: "What is certain is, that telepathy can and ought to be henceforth considered by science as an incontestable reality. Minds are able to act upon each other without the intervention of the senses. Psychic force exists. Its nature is yet unknown."

This statement is more than italicized by the author. It is put in capitals, and made emphatic beyond question. Such a conclusion may be too strong, if the reader chooses to maintain so, and many of us may not care to express ourselves in terms of "psychic force," but we can certainly appreciate what a man's conviction is when a savant like Flammarion asserts so strongly the existence of the only fact that can stand between spiritism and materialism. Telepathy is a very hard thing for the scientist to believe, and for the average sceptic spiritism is much harder, but if he does not believe in the former there is no escape from the latter, if we are to attach any weight to such facts as M. Flammarion's volume catalogues. Hence it proposes an interesting dilemma for some of us. If we are not willing to believe M. Flammarion's conclusion we may accept much more and much worse theories.

There is no indication that M. Flammarion suspects how revolutionary may be the conclusion that he ventures to think may be in sight. It is all very well to cultivate a hope in a future life, but there are traces in these phenomena of facts that might well open Pandora's box again. Man's lowly origin was for a long time accompanied with the belief that the past was a golden age and that he could trace his lineage to the gods. This poetic conception extended its wings over his dreams about the future, and its idealized impulses have done much to civilize him and to eliminate the animal temptations that haunt the best of natures. But the doctrine of evolution dispelled his illusions about the past, and when one examines carefully the facts that purport to indicate his survival of death he becomes frightened at the humiliation that the future offers his pride. But worse than all is the glimpse into the cosmic laboratory which confronts us with so many and such incomprehensible problems. The caprices and absurdities of the revelations from a supposed transcendental world, and the premonitions that seem to annihilate the doctrine of freedom and responsibility as usually conceived, are puzzles of no mean order, and make us think of Carlyle's allusion to Vesuvius: "The Earth, green as she looks, rests on dread foundations were we further down; and Pan, to whose music the nymphs dance, has a cry in him that can drive all men distracted." The phenomena of secondary personality and the apparent indications of mental degeneration confirm the suspicions of the average mind regarding the dubious nature of a transcendental world, though more careful study may dispel fear on this point.

All these questions M. Flammarion has not touched. In a work of this kind perhaps such a subject could not be approached, much as we should like to see it discussed. But the difficulties indicated in it are a reason for emphasizing the demand which M. Flammarion's work makes, with the hope that the scientific man may see both his opportunities and his duties. It is certain that no other person is entitled to speak on so perplexing a subject, and some day the craft will thank men like M. Flammarion for blazing the way for them in this wilderness, and for suggesting the method which promises the only path out of it. The field cannot be left to amateurs and untrained students of science. Every recess of psychology, both normal and pathological, must be ransacked for light upon it, and if we are only at the beginning of the study we may well praise the incipient efforts like that of M. Flammarion to penetrate the mysteries of this problem. It may be that when we allow for the probably abnormal conditions under which such phenomena as he records occur, the interpretation of their meaning which appears on the surface, and reflecting upon the desirability of survival, may be found to be mistaken.

JAMES H. HYSLOP.

* *The Unknown*. By Camille Flammarion. 8vo, pp. 488. New York and London: Harper & Brothers. 1900.

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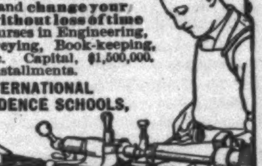
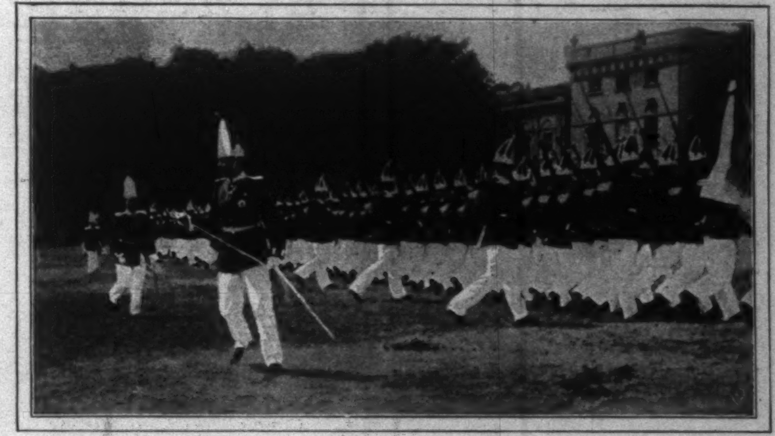
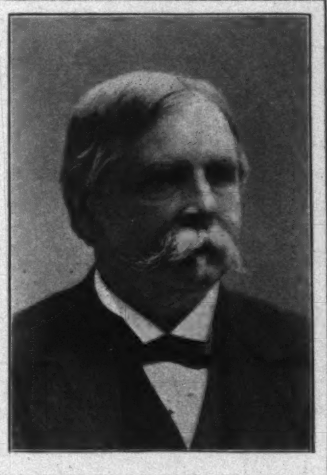




Crown-Prince Friedrich-Wilhelm of Germany, as a Lieutenant of Prussian Imperial Foot-Guards, drilling his company at Potsdam.



FRIEDRIC[illegible]-WILHELM VICTOR AUGUSTE ERNEST,
Crown-Prince of Germany, who became of age May 6, 1900.

William C. Endicott

THE old New England stock lasts wonderfully well in certain families, continuing for centuries to yield men and women of distinguished character and abilities. Judge William Crowninshield Endicott, who died in Boston on May 6, was most widely known as Secretary of War in President Cleveland's first cabinet. He was directly descended from John Endicott, colonial Governor of Massachusetts, who came from England to Salem in 1628, and through his mother from Caspar Crowninshield, one of the first German immigrants, who came a few years later. Both the Endicotts and the Crowninshields have made their names continuously familiar in New England history.

Judge Endicott was born in Salem, in 1826, graduated at Harvard in 1847, read law, and practised in Salem. He concerned himself with the affairs of that town, and in 1858 became city solicitor. In 1873 he was appointed a judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. He resigned from the bench in 1882, and in 1885 joined Mr. Cleveland's cabinet. After his retirement from office, at the close of Mr. Cleveland's first term, he did not again practise his profession, though his interest in public affairs continued to be active, and he served on the Boston Sewerage Commission, and did other important quasi-public labors. He was for some years an overseer of Harvard College, a member of the Harvard Corporation from 1884 to 1893, and a member of many learned societies. His reputation as a lawyer was high; he was honored and respected as a judge, and was highly exemplary as a citizen.

His daughter, as will be recalled, became the wife of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain.

The Cuban Census

THE results of the Cuban census, now being published, give a much more accurate idea as to the real character of the population of that island than has heretofore been possible to obtain. It is a surprise to the people of the United States to learn that, including those of mixed blood, only 33 per cent. of the 1,572,797 people are negroes. It also upsets many elaborate arguments as to the ignorance prevailing on the island and to have the figures in hand showing that 43 per cent. of those over ten years of age can read and write. Comparing these figures with those of the United States, the showing is not at all bad for Cuba. In the United States 13 1-3 per cent. of the total population over ten years of age are illiterate, as against 57 per cent. in Cuba. Classifying these figures, however, it is found that while only 7 2-3 per cent. of the whites in the States are illiterate, 57 per cent. of the negroes can neither read nor write, which is exactly the same percentage of illiteracy as that which prevails with the Cubans as a whole. The State of Louisiana, with 50 per cent. negro blood in the population, has a percentage of illiteracy for the whole State of 46, or only 11 per cent. less than Cuba. Considering the difference in educational facilities and the environment, this is a good showing for the island people.

The distribution of the population in Cuba is significant of the relative importance of the provinces. The province of Havana has a population of 424,804, of which 235,981 live in the city of Havana. The province of Matanzas has a population of 202,444, Pinar del Rio 173,064, Puerto Principe 88,234, Santa Clara 356,536, and Santiago 327,715. The provinces of Santiago and Puerto Principe include nearly the eastern half of the island, and contain but little over 25 per cent. of the population. There is a great difference in the percentage of illiteracy in the different provinces. In Santiago the percentage is 70, in Puerto Principe 55, Santa Clara 61, Matanzas 60, Havana 35, and in Pinar del Rio 75. Both ends of Cuba it is high, decreasing in proportion to the nearness of Havana, where is centred the intelligence of the island. This percentage of illiteracy would be found to vary greatly within the same province, for in some communities it is very much lower, and in some remote parts of the country districts it is as high as 90 per cent.

The estimate of the number of negroes, 33 per cent., includes not only those who are evidently of negro blood, but also those with any trace of African descent. It has been quite generally believed that at least 50 per cent. of the people of Cuba have negro blood in their veins. It has also been found that the negro does not predominate in the eastern half of the island nearly as much as was supposed. In Santiago 45 per cent. of the population is of negro or mixed blood; in Puerto Principe, only 20 per cent., the lowest in the island; in Santa Clara it is 30 per cent., in Matanzas 45 per cent., in Havana 28 per cent., and in Pinar del Rio 25 per cent. The Chinese in Cuba are all in Santa Clara, Matanzas, and Havana, about 2 per cent. of the population in each of these provinces being of that nationality, or a total in the island of about 15,000. Of the en-

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tire present population it is shown that about 85 per cent. were born in Cuba, and 15 per cent. were foreign born.

It is generally believed also that the illiteracy is largely among the negroes, though this theory is not fully borne out when it is considered that in Pinār del Rio the percentage of illiteracy is 75, the highest in the island, and the percentage of negroes 25, almost the lowest. In Santiago, with 70 per cent. illiterate, but 45 per cent. are negroes. In Puerto Principe, with 55 per cent. illiterate, the percentage of negroes is 20, the lowest of all the provinces. Allowing that all the negroes are illiterate, which is manifestly untrue, it is evident the percentage of illiteracy among the whites is still high. Those possessing a high-school education are very few, being only 1 2-10 per cent. of the population, or about 20,000.

The municipal elections in Cuba, which were to have been held in May, have been postponed to the latter part of June. At these elections the franchise will be restricted to those who can read and write, those who fought in the Cuban rebellion, and those who have at least $250 in property. The War Department estimates, in the light of the census returns, a total of about 140,000 voters. It is not probable, however, that more than 100,000 votes will be cast, the number estimated for HARPER'S WEEKLY several months ago.

The census gives the total population at 815,205 males, and 757,592 females. There are 447,372 white males and 462,926 white females of native birth. The foreign whites number 115,760 males and 26,458 females. There are 11,898 male negroes and 122,740 female negroes. The mixed races number 125,500 males and 145,305 females. There are 14,694 male and 163 female Chinese; of the total population of the island 1,108,709 are set down as single, 246,351, or about 15 per cent., are married, while 131,787 live together by mutual consent. There are 85,112 widows.

Of the total population according to citizenship 20,478 are Spanish, 1,296,367 are Cubans, 175,811 are in suspense, 79,526 are of other citizenship, and 616 unknown. The Spanish by birth number 129,240. Of the children ten years of age and over 49,414 have attended school. Of the total population 443,426 can read and write. The comparison shows a much greater preponderance of Cuban voters than was expected. It will be noticed that the males are in excess in the total population except in Santiago, though the female whites outnumber the male whites, except in Pinar del Rio. Among the negroes and mixed races the females are in excess, while among the foreign whites the males are largely in excess. The native whites constitute more than one-half the population, or 58 per cent. The proportion of children under five years is unusually small, but the proportion under twenty-one is normal, or about one-half the population.

It is a well-established fact that the percentage of literacy prevailing among a people does not indicate necessarily the degree of intelligence. It is safe to assume that the 43 per cent. of literacy among the Cubans means far more than the 57 per cent. in the State of Louisiana. The Cubans are intellectually nimble. On the other hand, this nimbleness does not imply necessarily a greater power of political self-control, for that is governed by custom, education, and environment. No census can determine the possibility of the Cuban in that direction; it is a matter for experiment. The results of the recent census, however, will give the Americans a much more intelligent basis for operation in civil affairs than the vague estimates in use heretofore.

J. D. WHELPLEY.

Sports for the Amateur

BY C. PERCY HURDITCH

WITH the departure of Vardon from our hospitable shores, golf has settled down to its long season of tournaments, club matches, and inter-State contests. Vardon's almost unbroken run of success is now a matter of history, and whether our players have learned any lessons from watching his marvellous play remains to be proved. He was kind enough to say that even if the champions in this country are about twenty years behind those of the old country, amateurs as a body are about on a par with England. He speaks highly of collegiate golfers, and especially singles out the Harvard men, whom he found much better than he expected. With the exception of Atlantic City and Garden City, where the amateur championship is to be held, he says our courses require a lot yet to be done to them, and most of us will agree with him in this. Findlay S. Douglas, in his opinion, is far and away the best amateur, and there is no doubt that, could he devote the time to the game that others can, he would carry all before him. Douglas, unfortunately, is so unreliable that you never know what he is going to do. So much has been written about his poor putting, and though this has lost him many a game, yet on his day he can putt with the best of them. Perhaps eight out of ten would pick him as the winner of this year's championship, so this will show the wholesome respect in which he is held by his opponents; yet if Travis can get over his nervousness of the first two or three rounds, he will certainly be a factor to be reckoned with. He has been playing remarkably good golf this year, and his triumph at the Atlantic City tournament is still fresh in our memory, while at medal play he is, to my mind, in a class by himself. Harriman has, so far, not yet shown his true form, and though he gave us a glimpse of what he can do at Philadelphia on the 5th, I do not think he is playing quite so well this year. These three men are on the scratch mark of the Metropolitan Golf Association, while C. M. Hamilton and R. C. Watson receive two strokes, and W. B. Cutting, Jr., C. Griswold, Jr., H. B. Hollis, Jr., R. P. Pyne, John Reid, Jr., and J. Stuart are three strokes worse that scratch. The handicapping, as usual, has caused a lot of grumbling, but it is a pretty hard task to compare the merits of players at such an uncertain game as golf, and while one is in perfect accord with the names placed at head of the list, the others might have been worse, and at this we must be content.

Form in golf, though looking well, will not always win the game. It is very amusing to read the criticism of one professional on Vardon's play, which recently appeared. According to him, Vardon ought never to win a game; he plays the wrong way; he has the wrong swing; he grips his clubs in a most unheard-of manner; he drives altogether too high, and it is only his quickness and strength that enable him to get the ball away at all. By watching him play we do not learn anything—in fact, we have not much to learn, anyway, for a man who plays like this ought never to be allowed to handle a club. It is rather a curious way thus to talk of a man who had previously beaten him 12 up and 11 to play in one game, and 12 up and 10 to play in another, and it rather looks as if the loser was the one who had everything to learn. Take Tyng, for instance; probably no one shows worse form, and, moreover, knows it, yet he has carried off many a cup, and judging from his improved play this year, will carry off many another. Because a man holds his clubs like a baseball or a cricket bat, does it follow that he will never make a good golfer? A well-known professional in the West tells us that he tries to develop a man's game as he naturally plays it, and this, after all, is the secret. A. E. Paterson, F. B. Bohlen, G. S. Patterson, Tyng, Burdette O'Conner, and numerous others were all tennis, baseball, or cricket players before they took to golf, and they play, and have developed their playing, as they first naturally took to it. Vardon may play with clubs shorter than those usually used, and he may hold them in a manner peculiar to himself, but he wins his matches, and this is the chief thing.

To show the immense popularity of the sport, and the hold it has taken on the public all over the country, it is stated from a reliable source that over two million golf-balls will be required here this season, and as the price of these has recently advanced, the expenditure on balls alone will form no inconsiderable item in a golfer's expenditure.

As the time for the national regatta draws nigh, interest centres on the doings of the oarsmen on the Harlem River, numbers of whom are daily seen putting in the final touches for the important event. The course will extend from the starting-point at Inwood, opposite Fordham station, to the level of the first lamp-post on the Speedway south of Washington Bridge, with the half-mile flag at Bronson's Wharf. As it is not possible for the railroad authorities to have an observation train to follow the different events, a grand stand will be erected on the Speedway, with a seating capacity for 8000 people, and even this will not accommodate anything like the crowd that will be present. To watch the men who will represent us at Paris will give unusual interest to the regatta, and no one will attract more attention than E. H. Ten Eyck. Reports from England have it that B. Hunting Howell, winner of the Diamond Sculls, is training hard with the idea of meeting Ten Eyck at Paris. If this race takes place, it will be one of the features of the carnival, though to those who have seen both men perform Howell is the better man.

Just at present athletes contemplating competing at the Paris sports are holding back their entries until the question of Sunday racing is disposed of.

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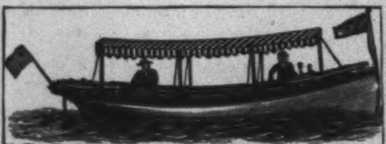

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Reduced Rates to North Manchester, Ind., via Pennsylvania Railroad.

For meeting of German Baptist Brethren, at North Manchester, Ind., May 29 to June 8, 1900, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will place special excursion tickets on sale May 29 to June 3, 1900, from stations west of Baltimore (not inclusive), and Lancaster and Reading (inclusive), and south of and including Sunbury, at rate of one first-class limited fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good returning until July 1, inclusive.

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For the accommodation of persons desiring to view the total eclipse of the sun on May 28th, the Pennsylvania Railroad will run a special excursion from Philadelphia to Norfolk and return, leaving Broad Street Station by special train of coaches and sleeping-cars at 8.55 P.M., May 27th, arriving Norfolk, via Cape Charles Route, before 6.00 A.M., May 28th. A complete *table d'hôte* breakfast will be served on the special steamer between Cape Charles and Norfolk, at seventy-five cents. Returning, special train will leave Norfolk at 6.00 P.M., May 28th; arrive Philadelphia the following morning.

Round-trip tickets for this occasion will be sold from Philadelphia at rate of $5.80. Tickets can be procured and sleeping-car accommodations reserved on application to ticket agents.

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FINANCE
BY A. K. FISKE

It is often assumed that an abundance of currency and low rates for loans cause a feverish activity in trade, an advance of prices, and expansion of credit, and stimulate speculation; but present conditions appear to contradict that view. There has been of late a steady increase of funds in the New York money-market. The government has been adding to the supply of coin and legal-tender notes by paying out from the Sub-Treasury more than it has been taking in, while there has been a gradual increase of bank circulation and a flow of currency from the interior. The deposits and loans of the banks have increased week after week, and the money-market has been liberally supplied, so that the rates for call loans have ranged from 2 to 3 per cent. Well-secured loans for sixty to ninety days have commanded only 3 to 3½, and the best commercial paper has been discounted at 3½ to 4. This indicates a decidedly easy money-market.

At the same time the tendency of prices has been slightly downward, and trading on the Stock Exchange has been decidedly dull. The tendency to lower prices has appeared especially in the great iron and steel industries, which have attracted much attention since the sensational incident of the stopping of some of the mills of the American Steel and Wire Company. It is now generally admitted that the high pressure of last year in this field could not be kept up longer, because the urgent demand for manufactured material had been more than met in some lines. The high prices produced a check, and while many works are still busy on old orders, and the requirements for steel and iron are still heavy, there had to be a modification of prices to work off accumulated stocks in some lines and to attract new orders. It was also desirable to invite orders from abroad, in view of a gradual subsidence of the domestic demand. There is no real reaction or prospect of dulness, but a steadying down of business to a slightly lower level and a more moderate pace. The conservative influence is likely to spread from the "basic industry" to those which depend largely upon it.

The condition of the stock-market is due mainly to the shock to confidence produced by the action of the Steel and Wire Company. General business is prosperous and profitable, and people are not venturing much in speculation since the lesson of last December and the minor warnings since. The bulk of the standard securities are firmly held for investment, and do not appear in great volume on the Stock Exchange, and latterly the commission brokers have had little to do. The market has been left mostly to the professional traders, who try to make a profit out of one another from the fluctuations of speculative stocks, and spend their time in promoting such fluctuations. They deal mainly nowadays with the "industrials," especially those which are least stable in the values which they are supposed to represent. Apart from the shares of the iron and steel companies that are listed on the Stock Exchange, those of the American Sugar-Refining Company, and of the local gas and traction companies, have been most active and irregular. These are chiefly affected by the "wars" between rival concerns.

Connected with the easy condition of the money-market are the rates of foreign exchange and the movement of gold. Rates for money are still about one per cent. higher in London than in New York, which makes it profitable to invest in exchange by purchasing sixty or ninety days' bills and holding them to sell as sight bills at maturity. The difference also invites the loaning of gold abroad. The rate of exchange has not risen so as to make it profitable to send gold abroad for making settlements, which indicates that there is no substantial balance against us there to be settled; but gold has been going abroad, nevertheless, in considerable amount, mostly to France. This is secured by the Bank of France on payment of the cost of shipping bars, with interest during the transit. The process is merely one of profitable trade, as the gold is needed in Paris, and can be spared from here. A question has been raised regarding the actual supply of gold in this country, as it has been given out from Washington that some $400,000,000 supposed to be in circulation cannot be traced. An inquiry into its whereabouts has been instituted. It will probably be accounted for in large part by the fact that gold coin is very commonly used as the raw material for watch-cases, chains, and jewelry, instead of the uncoined metal, and there is no record of the amount so consumed.

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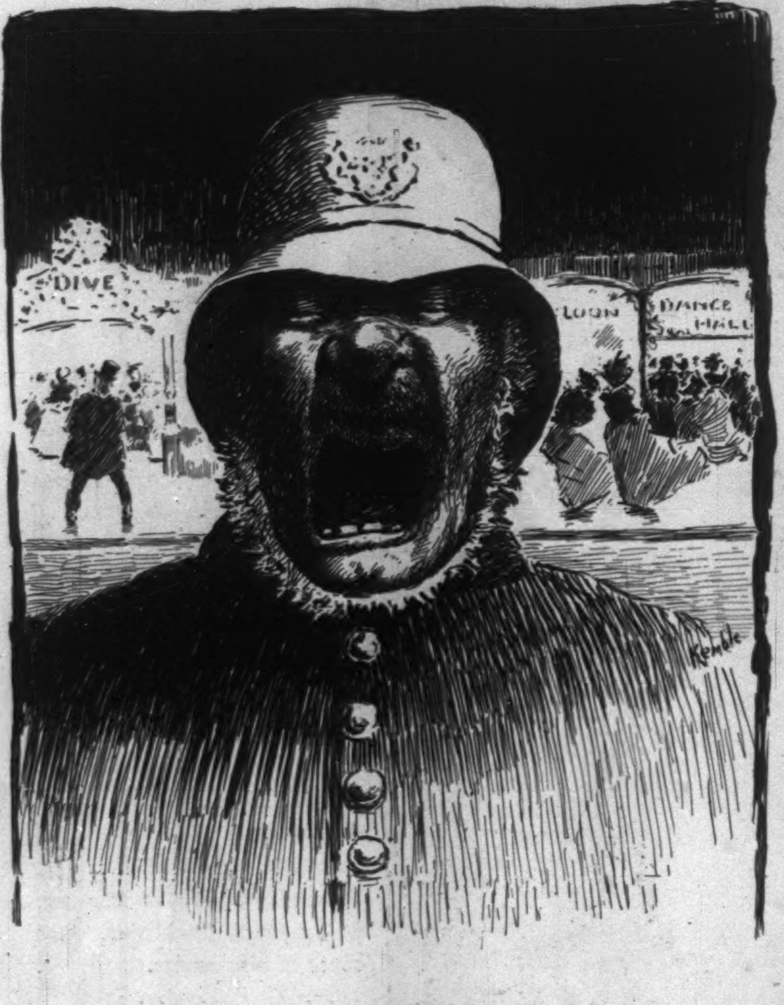

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